

# Contemporary Review

incorporating THE FORTNIGHTLY

No. 1094 FEBRUARY 1957

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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## THE OUTLOOK

**I**N this country we have for generations been accustomed to keep one eye on the home front and one eye open to the world at large. Outside this country we have had great responsibilities and vital interests associated with the maintenance of our responsibilities.

Denuded as we have been of our accumulated savings which as a good creditor nation we invested abroad in less developed countries—avoiding ever causing a sterling shortage—it is now imperative, at any rate for a period, to limit our responsibilities.

The fact is that no under-developed country thinks any nation of much account unless it is rich and no country is rich—whatever nonsense socialists have talked on this subject—unless its citizens are rich individually. I include among riches, of course, skill, willingness to produce, a desire to save and above all experience. But these are not sufficient in the world of today in the eyes of the under-developed unless they are used to build savings which provide the capital for investment.

To make this possible drastic cuts in Government expenditure are necessary so that every citizen can go all out to work with the assurance that he will be allowed to keep his earnings instead of having his reward taken from him by penal taxation. In so doing, if he saves and invests part of his earnings he will be building security for himself as well as contributing to the material progress of others.

This is the general picture which should have been clear to all since the last war, but it has been obscured by our very strenuous efforts since the war and by memories of the past. The Suez incident did not create this picture, but unveiled it. It has also shown up other factors which were not so clear before and accelerated the pace of the changing pattern.

The world political scene appears to me to reproduce on a bigger scale the home political picture. In this country the two major parties not very unevenly matched angle for power; to them the Liberal Party is a nuisance as an independent entity. On the world stage the United States and Russia are not unevenly matched in power and resources. The U.S. Government appears to look upon Britain in much the same way as the Tories look upon Liberals—that they should join up and give up their right to independent action. The slow process resulting from this assumption by Americans abroad, particularly in the Middle East was having its effect. Abadan, where British interests were reduced from 100 per cent to 40 per cent, was but one example. The success of British independent action at Suez might have reversed this trend, or at least would have prolonged its course. This fact accounts for the violent American reaction. Having ensured that it did not succeed, the process of substituting American for British influence is stepped up.

In these circumstances what should be the attitude of this country? I do not wish to push my analogy too far but the Liberal Party has been a strong advocate of proportional representation or some more generally representative electoral system which, if it resulted in any advantage to the Liberal Party, would make inevitable co-operation with others at least on specific measures or on a specific programme. So independence would give way to partnership.

Britain has entered into obligations in NATO and other international



organisations which make independent action almost impossible. Britain does not prate of sovereignty or of the infringement of sovereignty. Any country that has respect for the rule of law understands that its sovereignty is limited by every international treaty to which it is a party and by every international obligation which it undertakes. Britain, I believe, expects international obligations to be on a basis of partnership. NATO in its present form does not fulfil this condition nor does the new Eisenhower or Dulles doctrine in the Middle East. American commitment is too vague and American action still likely to be belated under these arrangements.

Partnership involves much closer integration and calls for joint political control of defence and for a common currency standard. The care of these two subjects is, of course, the primary function of government.

We are critical of many aspects of American policy, including much of the scheme of American aid. Is this designed to hold the prices of American produce at an artificial level from which by the operation of the normal laws of supply and demand in the market they would otherwise fall? If so, the aid is not what it is represented to be. Is not the whole system of aid as practiced by the United States inflationary, weakening the currency of the countries which accept it? British banking and other institutions have great experience in the provision of credit; partnership postulates a sharing of experience—advice sought and given.

Partnership requires an independent check on what I can only call the propensity for dishonesty of Governments who resort to the printing press or equivalent devices to meet excessive expenditure instead of curtailing it which every citizen has to do if he is to continue in business.

It is noteworthy that the same British Government which destroyed the independence of our Central Bank was party to the insistence of the Allied Control Commission in Germany upon independence of the Government of the Central Bank in Germany. Today the German mark is a strong currency whereas the pound sterling is weak.

Churchill's prescription for Britain was right—"Set the people free"—instead they have been strangled by taxation on their earnings by income tax and purchase tax; hampered in the development of their business in many ways; restricted in scope and location even in movement within British territories. Give the British people a chance and their skill and experience both in politics and business will yet surprise both themselves and the world.

There is one gap which it is urgent that Governments should fill. If foreign skill and capital is to be employed in the less developed countries there must be the assurance that contracts and agreements will be observed by the governments of those countries. Machinery for the settlement of disputes between private individuals and concerns and the governments of the countries to which they are invited must be established. At present the International Court has no competence to hear such cases. If progress is to be made and good relationships and confidence built, governments must adhere to a convention which prescribes the necessary procedure and sets up a Court whose authority they will respect and uphold.

\* \* \*

*The above was written before Sir Anthony Eden's resignation.*

To me the most interesting speculation with the change of Government

is how the negotiations for the proposed common market or wide free trade area in Europe will progress under the new Prime Minister who has been advocating this development. The danger is half-heartedness which may introduce reservations and complicated international organisations. This would prevent the ordinary European citizen enjoying individually the advantages of European economic unity. To feel a sense of unity he must handle the symbols of unity and not be asked to queue up at the frontier for passport and currency controls or submit to the indignity of customs examination.

It is ironical that a common market could be achieved quite simply if European Governments would remove the barriers at their frontiers and maintain sound currencies which would, if sound, be readily convertible.

To me the most interesting appointment in the new Government is that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Thorneycroft has shown great courage at the Board of Trade in dealing with monopolies and restrictive practices.

He has also shown determination to work towards a free market economy. He understands very well what should be done in Europe.

I believe Mr. Thorneycroft will have the determination drastically to cut Government expenditure and reduce taxation which is crippling our country.

I hope he will have the courage to restore the independence of the Central Bank and end Government interference between the Banks and their customers in the normal conduct of their business.

Mr. Thorneycroft and the Prime Minister will, unfortunately, have to contend with many vested interests supported by some members both of the Conservative and Labour Parties who will fight to prevent or frustrate the achievement of these plans.

Liberals will continue to press them.

GRANTCHESTER

### MR. EISENHOWER INTERVENES

SINCE the British and French forces bombed Cairo—the word “aggression” may be unpleasant and subject to argument, but the fact and the result are clear beyond argument—the cold war has warmed up and become a seething cauldron of mixed enmities, manoeuvrings, jockeyings, threatenings and rivalries in greed, which, if they get out of control, may present the world with disaster almost beyond repair. The verbal charges and countercharges have already lost their importance by contrast with the ugly reality of danger. Where the United States enters the fray (the word seems not too strong) it matters little that Mr. Dulles should draw a distinction, as he did on January 7th, between a Franco-British armed irruption into a sovereign state and an American armed intervention invited by that State. When blood boils and tongues are loosed, when tempers and appetites play havoc with sense and reason, when unscrupulous adventurers see and take the chance of fishing in the troubled waters, then mischief is indeed afoot.

The present problem is how to stem the threatened flood. Ordinary human beings of an ordinary bent for decency and commonsense stand aghast at the prevailing chaos and the downright immorality and abandonment to low motive in the international scene that confronts them. Few human beings in

their private affairs could sink so low. The grace of God does indeed seem to be shut out from the high affairs and the vast scope of international relations. It has in this present century been more than once illustrated that, the circumstance of these relations being that of unrestricted national sovereignty, there is no telling how far the rot, the evil, will spread from any single act of anarchy. Anarchy seems to be the right and fairly descriptive epitaph to acts which are perpetrated without reference to any authority. Even, it may be, the perpetrators, "bring about (to quote the words of the Pope in his Christmas message) a result that they themselves did not intend."

When Sir Anthony Eden and M. Mollet decided to forestall with their own armed aggression—let a spade be called a spade—a worse aggression about to be launched by Moscow, they did not, could not, know what results they were so soon to produce. They played into Colonel Nasser's hands. The bald facts are that the Suez Canal runs through Egyptian territory, that Egypt is sovereign, that there is no such thing as international law in any practical sense, that no moral force is operative in international affairs, that the canal is of vital importance to the world at large, and that, therefore, Colonel Nasser's career as a sort of international brigand of the Hitler type was given a flying start. What is to stop him? Granted the lack of moral restraint, there is nothing to stop him except cool commonsense on the part of his potential victims. To quote the 1888 convention or the 1954 agreement (indeed, he unilaterally abrogated that agreement in the course of the vendetta) is to waste time. Obviously Colonel Nasser has no respect for juridical instruments except in so far as they may serve his own acquisitive purpose.

It might therefore have been foreseen that when the British forces were withdrawn in April last from the canal zone, in conformity with the 1954 agreement, Colonel Nasser would at once cast his eye upon the glittering assets of the canal itself. It was equally obvious that he would accept any help from the enemies of the owners of the canal in his contemplated act of piracy. Moscow's purpose, of course, in giving such help was not wholly inspired by love of Nasser; but Nasser, whether blinded by his greed or incapable of seeing through the Russian stratagem, or confident that he could turn the tables upon Russia when he had got what he wanted, incontinently accepted Russian help. His own further plans were thereby automatically dictated provided only that the western owners of the canal would lose their heads. If these owners, instead of concocting an idiotic owners' club in order to save the canal and keep the profits, had decided to boycott the canal and to face the temporary loss of diversion round the Cape, probably three months would have been enough to bring Nasser to his knees. An unused canal would be of no use to him.

But he was saved by none other than the Eden-Mollet combination. They, allowing themselves to be knocked off their balance by the fear of a Russian coup designed to subjugate Egypt and the whole Middle East into satellite status, plunged into Egypt themselves to prevent that catastrophe. The catastrophe itself was, of course, a possibility. On that score London and Paris were clearly right. Where London and Paris went clearly wrong was in imagining that nowadays you can achieve any purpose by military force. You can produce results; but not the results you intend. For instance, Colonel Nasser was regaled with the spectacle of Britain and France being

arraigned before the United Nations as an aggressor; was regaled with the less obvious but none the less probable, motive of an American design upon Middle Eastern oil; with the spectacle of a split in the western front; and with the chance of playing off Russia against the United States, himself as *tertius gaudens*. It therefore seemed to him to be a fair gamble to block the canal and bring Western Europe to the brink of ruin by being cut off from vital supplies of oil for at least six months, to keep the unholy pot boiling by claiming compensation for the results of the Anglo-French aggression, to deny the use of the canal (when freed by non-Egyptian services and at non-Egyptian expense) to British and French ships except when and if the Gaza strip were returned by Israel to Egypt; and in general simply to reap the harvest of the Anglo-French blunder.

Nor could it surprise anyone that Mr. Eisenhower became alarmed at the prospect produced by that blunder. Ironically enough, on a superficial view, the plan he produced in the first week of the new year, had for its motive nothing other than the countering by military means of any attempt by Russia or her allies to annex the Middle East: the precise motive which had led to the Anglo-French "aggression" itself, to the indignation of the United States. As these lines were written, it was not certain that the Eisenhower plan would be accepted by Congress. Criticism was heard of the danger inherent in an American underwriting of risks in a mad world. The results were recalled of the comparable underwriting by Britain of the risk to Belgium that materialised in 1914 and to Poland in 1939. It was likewise recalled in a wistful spirit of contrast that the United States in 1914 and in 1939 kept out. Was the result of her succession to the British rôle of dominance in the world to be her succession also to the blundering sort of folly that had brought Britain low? Such questionings were being canvassed. What only was established was that the world was madder than ever, that the greatest threat to peace had arisen since the Russian blockade of peacetime Berlin, that international relations through the lack of a religious safeguard in the conduct thereof had become an incomprehensibly immoral and therefore hopeless sphere of human activity, and that the devil was enjoying a gratuitous field day such as imagination could hardly have foreseen.

Yet there was no world war. Mr. Dulles on January 8th observed that the authority sought by the President from Congress to "secure and protect" any attacked nation might indeed involve the United States in war outside the Middle East, but he did not envisage any full-scale attack upon Russia, unless it had become apparent that the third world war was inevitable and was at hand. The interesting thing was that no one believed in the inevitability or the imminence of the third world war.

It may be that the prophets—among them Sir Winston Churchill, Lord Salisbury and Sir John Slessor—are right who foretell the *pax atomica*. But such a peace, negative in kind and signifying only the ruling out of major war by an overriding fear of all-embracing, universal, impartial destruction, will be of value only if it provide the opportunity, and the opportunity be taken, of imposing upon the world a state of disarmament, total, permanent: not a reduction of armaments, which would be a waste of juridical formulae, but disarmament, which is the only safeguard against war. The further opportunity would thus be given of reducing the chaos, the obscenity of international relations into a system of true international law, whereunder the

nations, bereft of their unrestricted, wicked sovereignty would be able in true security to behave with normal human decency and with peace at the last.

GEORGE GLASGOW

### LORD RADCLIFFE'S PLAN FOR CYPRUS

**N**EARLY two years of terrorist activity in Cyprus have resulted in military deadlock. Meanwhile the greater part of the population has been worn down under the strain and is earnestly desiring some form of settlement. It is hoped that the constitutional proposals drafted by Lord Radcliffe may provide the chance of a new approach, and as a prelude the government have made the concession of relaxing some of the more unpopular emergency regulations particularly those relating to the whipping of youths and collective fines. The report provides for a government in the form of a diarchy, which establishes a Greek Cypriot elected majority led by a chief minister who is to rule the island in partnership with the British Governor. As far as matters of self-government are concerned there is to be legislation by majority, and the Governor is to act as if he were a constitutional head of state. In matters of external affairs, defence and internal security he has power to issue ordinances on his own authority and is made the sole judge of what appertains to his province. His ordinances override the legislation of the Legislative Assembly where there is a conflict, and in addition he has powers to give instructions in regard to his own matters to any public servant. In the event of an emergency he may be given full powers to legislate by virtue of an Order in Council.

The arrangements proposed for the protection of the Turkish and other minorities have been made with ingenuity and skill. There will be 24 general constituencies returning Greek Cypriot members. There are to be six members elected from a special Turkish roll, while a further six will be nominated by the Governor to represent other small minorities such as the Maronites and the regular British residents. The members hold office for four years and have power to legislate by simple majority except where Turkish Cypriot affairs are concerned. In this case a two thirds majority of the elected Turkish members is required. In order to determine which laws concern Turkish Cypriot affairs a Supreme Court of Cyprus is to be established to be presided over by a Chief Justice from outside the island and an equal number of Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot judges. Matters of joint concern such as broadcasting and the very important subject of communal education are put under the control of public boards with independent chairmen. There is also a declaration of fundamental rights, a constitutional innovation which has been adopted with enthusiasm in the Indian and other Asian constitutions. This lays down that there shall be no unjust discrimination against any person on account of his birth, nationality, language, race or religion. What precisely this will mean in practice remains to be seen, but for its enforcement there is proposed a Tribunal of Guarantees to be presided over by an independent chairman. This is to act as an administrative court to hear complaints against individuals or government servants. These proposals are delightful enough for Arcadia itself, but it is questionable whether they are sufficiently realistic for Cyprus. For it is still true that virtually all the Greek Cypriot life of the island stands behind Archbishop

Makarios, and the attempts of the British to find any alternative leadership have completely failed. It is not known whether the members of the Ethnarchy Council, with or without the Archbishop, propose to sit upon the front bench, but in any event the Orthodox oligarchy will continue to be the controlling influence in Greek Cypriot affairs. In these circumstances it is doubtful whether the close and confiding partnership envisaged between the Governor and the chief minister is likely to amount to a practical working proposition.

In introducing the proposals it is unfortunate that Mr. Lennox-Boyd should have referred to partition as a possible outcome. Although this has been well received in Ankara, the suggestion has created alarm in Greece which has for the moment formally rejected the proposals. The Americans, however, have endorsed the plan as a hopeful step forward and the Greeks may not wish to persist in their attitude in face of American disapproval. It is clear that they are leaving the door open. Much will no doubt depend on the success of the Greek government in rallying support for itself in the United Nations when its resolution on the question is discussed.

Though it may be expedient to obtain as much approval from Greece and Turkey as possible, the issue of self-government and indeed the issue of self-determination is primarily a domestic matter for the British government alone. The danger is that Mr. Lennox-Boyd by discussing matters in Athens and Ankara has put himself too much into foreign hands and has increased their intransigence. It may also have done harm in driving the Greek Cypriots into the arms of the Greek government. The first essential to the introduction of a democratic constitution is the consent of the governed, and this is not going to be easy to obtain. For it would seem that there is no alternative but to come to reasonable terms with the Archbishop, even if it means his return to Nicosia in triumph. Up to the present the Greek Cypriot leaders have been irresponsible, and it may be a necessary risk as a means of avoiding further lawlessness that some measure of responsibility for keeping internal order should be delegated to the chief minister. The British armed forces could be adequately protected by retaining control of the military safety of the island, which would also have to include control of immigration, the airfields and the telecommunications centres. One of the major Greek criticisms is that the Governor is made the judge in his own cause in deciding which matters belong to him. The proper place for such a decision is the Supreme Court. If delay and publicity are undesirable, then provision could be made for every ordinance of the Governor to be given a certificate of validity by the Chief Justice alone, with a right of appeal to the Privy Council.

If this constitution ever becomes workable it is hoped that the British government will give the people confidence in it by sending to Cyprus suitable personalities for the task. Now that the military phase may be drawing to a close it will be more fitting to appoint a civilian Governor. This will probably accord with the wishes of Sir John Harding who has behaved with moderation in difficult circumstances and has earned the respect not only of the British troops but also of the inhabitants of the island. The Chief Justice will be a man of special significance, and a judicial personage of High Court calibre should be appointed from England. The islanders are strongly suspicious of the "colonialism" associated with the Colonial Office, and, whether justified



or not, something should be done to allay their apprehension. This is surely the occasion for the transfer of Cyprus and the other European dependencies to the Foreign Office, where there would be a better chance of obtaining men in control who are Europe-minded, and it is hoped that more officers will be sent out who are familiar with the local languages. A handful of young linguists living modestly in the towns and villages as liaison officers might do much to heal the wounds on both sides. It would no doubt meet with great approval if the British government were prepared to hold Cyprus available as a N.A.T.O. base. If this is not considered feasible, it would palliate the position if the British forces were to make themselves as unobtrusive as may be by retiring to their camps and withdrawing from the towns. Above all in this difficult situation there must be patience. Time and good-will may go far to smooth the way ahead.

DENNIS THOMPSON

### MEMORIES OF THE MALDIVE ISLANDS

THREE mats, measuring about five feet by two, hang on a wall in my house in Kent. They are light yellowish-brown in colour, with a general pattern of squares and rectangles in darker brown and black: interspersed are designs of Persian or Arab origin. The material looks like a wool or cotton worsted, or some similar stuff. In fact it is rush, cunningly woven and beautifully finished. They are Maldive mats, made by the women of one of the southern atolls of the Maldive Islands, and they were part of the Tribute or present which the annual Maldivian embassy used to bring from the Sultan—"The King of thirteen provinces and twelve hundred islands, lord of land and sea"—to the Governor of Ceylon.

The Lakkadive Islands, the Chagos Archipelago and the Maldive Islands are the unsubmerged remains of a chain of sunken hills, of a sunken continent perhaps, astride the equator in the Indian Ocean. The Lakkadives are politically linked with India, Chagos with Mauritius, and the Maldives, until 1948, with Ceylon, now with the United Kingdom. The Maldives, some four hundred miles or so south-west of Ceylon are a series of atolls, hundreds of low-lying, vestigial slivers of land; the coral reefs just awash with the ebb and flow of the sea.

The early history of the Maldives is buried in obscurity. It is possible that the islands were originally occupied from Ceylon, or at the same time as Ceylon, several centuries before the Christian era. Persian and Arab travellers and traders visited them, and incidentally, about the twelfth or thirteenth century, converted the inhabitants from Buddhism to the religion of Islam. But authentic local history really begins in the sixteenth century when the Maldives became a somewhat unwilling vassal of the Portuguese, who exacted an annual tribute. With the coming of the Dutch to Ceylon a century or so later there began the practice, continued ever since, whereby the Maldive Sultans have placed themselves under the protection of the European power dominant in that island. And in 1645 occurred what is probably the first record of the annual Embassy to the Governor of Ceylon. The practice continued uninterruptedly until 1948 when Ceylon, a British possession since 1796, became a member country of the Commonwealth, and new arrangements had to take the place of the provisions in the "Exchange of Letters" between the Sultan and the Governor made in 1887.

The Maldivian Embassy has always arrived bearing presents symbolical of Tribute. So honoured is the custom that on one long-past occasion audience was denied to the Envoy until the presents, accidentally left behind in Galle where they were landed, had come on to Colombo. An old list of the Sultan's presents to a Dutch Governor of Ceylon contains some eight thousand pounds weight of fine and coarse coir, two thousand five hundred pounds weight of cowries and some dried fish. The Sultan suggested as a suitable return two cannon with ammunition, some grenades and the loan of a Dutch gunner during the monsoon season. The Dutch Council, proffering profuse excuses, compromised with muskets, pikes and grenades—half a dozen of each—three grasshopper guns, a matchlock inlaid with silver, satin, damask, a lacquered cabinet and some Ceylon mats—all to the value of Rixdollars 231. Cannon and the gunner were not available.

As time went on coir disappeared from the Tribute: its place was taken by mats, various sweetmeats, and on one occasion a bundle of Maldive sugarcandy. But the most interesting additions to the Tribute were made in 1786 when for the first time small pieces of ambergris and of sea-cocconut were included. However the other gifts might vary these two items became traditional and were handed over to the Governor in two tiny bags, together with the Sultan's letter containing the Ambassador's credentials. The return gifts have also varied in character and in later years included pepper, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, mace and, at times, arecanuts, a commodity highly valued by the Sultans. Trade between the Maldives and Ceylon is usually carried on by wooden sailing vessels of the Arab dhow variety, some eighty or a hundred feet long and perhaps a hundred tons gross. These ships are lateen rigged with two masts raking forward: they are called "Buggalows." But the annual Tribute in my days in Ceylon came from Malé, the Capital of the Maldives, in the Sultan's State Schooner—the *Fath-ul-Majid*. The journey was usually made about the end of November, when the south-west monsoon was just over.

Colombo is separated from Malé by 400 miles of sea and by every creation of man which differentiates a world-port from a coral island anchorage. As she leaves the home roadstead, where any vessel larger than herself is rarely seen, the *Fath-ul-Majid* passes over waters stained with every shade of green and purple—chrysophrase, that colour only revealed in gems and coral atolls, olive-green, bright apple-green, and then, as shallow seas give way to deep, the warm wine colour of the ocean. Five to ten days sailing, the length of the journey determined by the vagaries of the dying south-west monsoon, bring the ship within sight of Ceylon. The welcoming flash of the Colombo light, or the heaped-up mass of the central Ceylon hills topped by Adam's peak, indicates that the annual journey is nearly over. Then the little vessel slips past the breakwater and the eyes of ships of all nations are on her as, proud of her mission, she casts anchor. Around are liners, ships-of-war, cargo boats, tramps, and the fussy little ships which ply importantly in harbours, tugs, motor launches and the like. But the *Fath-ul-Majid*, as the bearer of annual tribute from Sultan to him who was once described as "Immediate King," is very content with her role.

The Maldivian Ambassador in Colombo, usually a merchant in the Pettah, apprised of the arrival of the ship, enquires when it will be convenient for the Governor to receive the Embassy. A day is fixed, news of the forthcoming



occasion circulates in the bazaars, and at the appointed time a large crowd gathers at the jetty and along the road to Queen's House.

It was the custom in the 1920's for the Maldivian Representative and the Tribute to be brought from the *Fath-ul-Majid*, now gaily "dressed overall," to the jetty in the Governor's state barge, manned by twelve sturdy oarsmen, a picturesque and fitting prelude to the ceremonies ashore. Meanwhile, on land, ancient and modern, tradition and utility, ceremonial and service mix and mingle in typically eastern fashion. The Governor's Lascorreen Guard are on parade with their band. This body dates back long before the first Maldivian embassy, and is seen only on ceremonial occasions. The guard is easily distinguished by its uniform—a long, flaming red coat with gold facings, white cotton trousers or cloth, and a curious mitre-shaped helmet. Each man carries a brass-tipped lance of Kandyan lacquered cane, once a weapon of offence, but now only a picturesque adjunct. The band is equipped with drums and a kind of clarinet-styled wind instrument. By way of contrast there is a guard of honour of the Ceylon police, very smart in dark uniform and armed with modern rifles.

Members of the Legislative Council in morning dress chat with Mudaliyars in blue cloth ceremonial robes, with Admiral's hats and twisted gold and silver swords of office; officials in white uniform and gold braid add more colour to the scene. And behind is the typical Ceylon crowd—Sinhalese with their hair in buns surmounted by the semi-circular comb of horn: Tamils, their dark matt complexions emphasised by snowy white head-dresses: an Indian merchant or two: a Pathan with baggy trousers and aloof, detached bearing; and a handful of transit passengers or of visitors eager to see the unusual spectacle. Inspection of the Guard of Honour and other ceremonial matters are disposed of and a procession is formed to march the few hundred yards to Queen's House. In front there used to walk a European police officer. In honour of the occasion he was invariably, but somewhat unwillingly, garlanded with a wreath of temple flowers. His always seemed to me the least enviable job in the day's work. So few Europeans can wear a garland unselfconsciously, and he had to pass below the Secretariat verandas, where a number of his friends would be all agog "to see old Bill all decked up in blossom." Next, the Ambassador in flowing black robes and a white turban. Over him an attendant holds an umbrella, not the highly coloured ceremonial sunshade of the African Chief, but plain black cotton with a cane handle. Beside him is borne on a cushion his letter of credentials and the little bags of ambergris and sea-cocconut. Behind, a number of Colombo and Western Province Chiefs, and then the Lascorreen Guard and its Band playing traditional music horrible to the unaccustomed European ear. Finally, a train of stalwart Maldivians carrying the Tribute. The offerings, thus in transit, are not very imposing. The fine rush mats are concealed in cloth coverings: the dried fish in an open-work basket on a man's shoulder smells most vilely: and the sweating bearers stagger under an enormous pot, slung from a long pole, containing some preparation of fishes' blood.

The Governor used to receive the Ambassador on his arrival at Queen's House in the ballroom. Round the room were portraits of previous pro-consuls who had in their time taken part in this ceremony: and on a dais at the end the reigning Governor received the credentials, the pieces of ambergris and of sea-cocconut. Then the tribute was laid on the dais and diplomatic

conversation ensued. Three languages were used—the Governor's questions were translated by two interpreters from English into Tamil and thence into Maldivian, and the Ambassador's replies from Maldivian via Tamil into English. This is traditional, and persisted in spite of the fact that the Ambassador could with ease understand any conversation in English. "Is the Sultan well?" asks the Governor. "At the time when the party left Malé His Highness was enjoying good health" is the reply. "Are the Princes well?" "Is the crop prospect good?" And so on through the traditional formulae—question and answer in Sinhalese-like Maldivian, or in gentle English, through the guttural Tamil. The ceremony is over. The offer and acceptance of the Tribute symbolise the request for protection and the promise thereof. Now formalities are laid aside and in an adjoining room over light refreshments Governor and Ambassador converse in English—rumour had it that in my day they discussed racing, to which sport both were addicted. A day or two later the *Fath-ul-Majid* sailed for home carrying the return gifts, and one or two fortunate Ceylon officials received a mat or two to place on their floors or to cover their walls—as mine do.

The change in status of Ceylon in 1948 terminated the Tribute and required the conduct of Maldivian-United Kingdom relations to be transferred from the Governor to the United Kingdom High Commission in Ceylon. The provisions of the 1887 Exchange of Letters were replaced by a formal agreement which provided that the islands should remain under the protection of the Crown; that their external affairs should be conducted by, or in accordance with, the advice of the United Kingdom Government; that the United Kingdom Government would refrain from any interference in the internal affairs of the islands and that the Sultan should afford such facilities for H.M. Forces as were necessary for the defence of the islands or of the Commonwealth. Thus what originally was symbolised by Tribute and return gift is now formalised by written contract. Perhaps it is as well, because the Maldivian Islands also have known alterations of status. In 1953 the islands changed from a sultanate to a republican form of government. In this operation the United Kingdom assisted by providing a distinguished constitution maker to draft the new constitution. But the republican set-up failed to withstand a rapid deterioration in the islands' economy which took place in the same year. Within eight months the new constitution was overthrown and the Maldives reverted to their traditional sultanate rule.

I wish the Tribute ceremony could also be revived, but that is gone, alas, for ever! The mats on my wall are, I suppose, becoming yearly more valuable, certainly more unique. To me they are a constant and happy reminder of Ceylon in its late Crown Colony days, and it is in appreciation of my mats that this account of the Tribute ceremony is written.

HILARY BLOOD

### MEMORIES OF 1914

AS the first world war with its treatment of Serbia by Austria so strongly resembles the second in the way that Germany dealt with Poland, and also, in a lesser degree, the present crisis with the similar treatment of Hungary by Russia, it cannot be out of place to recall the facts relating to the outbreak of war in 1914. On the 28th June, 1914, I was in my hotel at Bonn where I was giving a course of lectures at the University, when suddenly,

late in the evening, an old Professor who had been tutor, not merely to the Crown Prince but also to the Kaiser, rushed into the room and in a state of wild excitement, told me the news of the murder of the Austrian Archduke. Then—quite distraught—he paced to and fro, tearing his hair and exclaiming over and over again: “Mein Gott das ist der Krieg” (“My God! this means war”). Since I could not see why the murder of the heir to the Austrian throne should necessarily lead to a European conflict, the professor remarked with emphasis: “You don’t know the Emperor William.” This incident naturally made a deep impression on me at the time, but did not prevent my going on to Marburg and delivering the lectures which I had been accustomed, for many years past, to give at the University there every summer. It was only when I received a telegram from my eldest brother in London telling me to return at once to England that, in accordance with German custom I donned evening dress and called on “His Magnificence, the Rector” of the University to explain that I was unable to complete my course of lectures. He replied that there was absolutely no need for me to go because “England bleibt neutral” (“England is going to remain neutral”). “Surely,” he said, “you are aware that civil war is about to break out in Ireland and England could not possibly intervene on the Continent even if she wished to do so.” I found it impossible to return home through Belgium as on arriving at Cologne I saw that trains bound for the north full of soldiers were passing through the station every five minutes. I consequently jumped into a train bound for Switzerland and was thankful to arrive safely at Basle. I thus escaped the fate which befell the English Lecturer at Heidelberg and others who were interned as civilians during that terrible first winter of the war in the stables of the racecourse at Ruhleben. I had to remain three weeks in Switzerland while the French army was being mobilised before a special train could be provided to convey British subjects to Boulogne where they embarked on an English steamer.

The three weeks in Switzerland offered the great advantage of making it possible to purchase all the French and German newspapers which at that time would have been unobtainable in Britain, and enabled me to follow events in detail. Since the war I have been asked to review all the British Documents on the Origins of the War, and I obtained for myself the four Volumes of German Documents as well as those published by the Austrian Government. I have of course read the two very interesting and most impartial Volumes by Dr. Gooch, entitled *Before the War—Studies in Diplomacy*. Consequently I feel that, despite modern endeavour to whitewash Germany, there can be no doubt whatever of the real reason for the war. The immediate cause was the amazing character of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, whom she held responsible for the murder of the Austrian Archduke and his wife at Serajevo on the 28th June. A time limit of forty-eight hours was given for its acceptance. It seemed impossible for any self-respecting and independent Government to accept clauses 5 and 6 of the note, and it was obvious that the Austrians were determined to force the issue. Herr von Tschirschky, the German Ambassador in Vienna, reported to Berlin on the 30th June as follows:—“I am using every opportunity to give a quiet but very grave and emphatic warning against precipitate action,” on the part of the Austrian Government. This very sensible advice found no favour with the German Emperor, and he wrote a marginal note on the despatch severely

rebuking his Ambassador. "Who authorised him to do that? It is very stupid. Nothing to do with him, as it is purely Austria's business what she means to do now. If things go wrong they will be telling us Germany held back. Tschirschky must please stop his nonsense. The Serbs must be disposed of—and that soon." Admiral von Tirpitz has told us in his extremely interesting *Erinnerungen (Recollections)* the amazing effect that these marginal notes of the Kaiser had on all the officials concerned. He tells us that, "all of them, even those which were considered in the Departments as suggestions for examination, were imprinted on the minds of Cabinets like an artist's pencil sketches." It is therefore not to be wondered at that the German Ambassador in Vienna was so stung by the Kaiser's rebuke that he henceforth gave up all attempts to act as a brake on the Austrians, and, on the contrary, even stimulated them to take the most drastic action. The British Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin, Sir Horace Rumbold, had an interview with the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Herr von Jagow, on Saturday, July 25th, and he tells us that "Jagow admitted quite frankly that the Austro-Hungarian Government wished to give the Serbians a lesson, and that they meant to take military action." He also admitted that the Serbian Government could not possibly swallow certain of the Austro-Hungarian demands. The British Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Grey, told the Austrian Ambassador, Count Mensdorff, that the ultimatum to Serbia "was the most formidable document he had ever seen addressed by one State to another that was independent." A copy of the Austrian note was sent to Berlin on the 22nd July and the German Government was in a position to know the contents of the note twenty-four hours before its presentation to the Serbian Government; but when the British Chargé d'Affaires asked Jagow point blank whether he had any previous knowledge of the contents of the Austro-Hungarian note to Serbia, Sir Horace Rumbold says, "He looked me straight in the face and answered in the negative."

Russia had made it perfectly clear to the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg that she could not allow Austria to crush Serbia. Giesl, the Austrian Minister at Belgrade, received the Serbian Government's reply, (which was extremely conciliatory, and accepted by far the greater part of the Austrian demands), at 5.45 p.m. on the evening of July 25th, and he left the Serbian capital three quarters of an hour later. He could scarcely have had time to read the astonishingly submissive reply of the Serbian Government, and it was quite evident that his final note to the Serbian Prime Minister had been prepared in advance. It is perfectly clear that while the murder of the Austrian Archduke and his wife made war possible, the Austrian note to Serbia made it absolutely certain. The Bavarian Government maintained a Minister at Berlin, and of all the German Documents his reports are perhaps the most illuminating. He wrote to his Government at Munich on the 31st July to say that military circles were full of confidence, and that several months ago Moltke, the chief of the German General Staff, had declared, "from a military point of view the present moment is more favourable than it could hope to be again in any foreseeable time." The moment that Austria declared war on Serbia the Russian Government, which had clearly warned Austria of the certain consequences of her policy, necessarily came into action. It was well-known that France which was bound by her alliance with Russia would be compelled to go to her support, and when Germany

presented an ultimatum to France demanding that she should remain neutral. France was obliged to reject this demand. It was thought in Germany that Great Britain was so preoccupied with the Irish question that she could not possibly intervene.

On returning to London from Germany the previous year I had been so impressed by all I had heard—for at the University it was commonly assumed that in the event of war Belgian neutrality would not be respected—that I asked the Director of Intelligence at the War Office to grant me an interview. The Officer who received me listened with polite incredulity and asked me whether I was not aware that as the Kiel Canal had not yet been widened to admit the passage of Dreadnoughts, Germany would not be in a position to go to war. I said, "Please mark my words; you will see that by this time next year Germany will be at war and she will march through Belgium."

The news, however, in August, 1914, that the Belgian frontier had been violated seems to have taken the British Government completely by surprise, and on the 4th August, Great Britain, feeling that she was in honour bound by her Treaty to protect the neutrality of Belgium, sent Germany an ultimatum to withdraw from Belgium, and at midnight the ultimatum expired and we were at war. The function of history is to arraign the past at the bar of the present, in order that the past be not lost but be so clear and factual that the present may profit by its lessons. History must not only consider and weigh the facts; it must leave no facts unconsidered or unweighed. The real task of the historian is to search for truth, reconstruct the past and reveal its inner meaning. The lessons of the 1914-1918 war must not be left in the mists of uncertainty, but must be rendered as clear as possible in order that we may understand the terrible crisis through which we are passing at the present moment.

DOUGLAS L. SAVORY

## WISHFUL THINKING AND STARK REALITIES

**H**UMANITY'S desire for justice, for an authority to settle conflicts between nations such as exists for individuals after thousands of years of club-law, is honourable and civilised. Its establishment has been attempted many times and by many means, ever since the *Treuga Dei* in the 11th century. It has failed as often, even after, under the hammer blows of two world wars, world wide "Courts" of nearly all nations were set up in the League of Nations and the United Nations. The Anglo-French veto in the latter's Security Council, the other day, sounded the death knell of that most recent attempt, that illusion of humanity, as clearly as the crash of the bombs dropped on Egyptian air bases: of the illusion that it would be possible to suppress national egotism and real or imaginary vital necessities by the mere vote of an assembly not endowed itself with the means and the power for enforcing their suppression.

When Japan invaded Manchuria, Italy Abyssinia, Hitler Austria and Czechoslovakia, the League of Nations covered its impotence by sham sanctions or paper protests. After the Second World War, we tried to buttress the illusion by ten years speech-making in the U.N., irrespective of one Soviet veto after another, one act of violence after another: breach of every single peace treaty obligation in the East and South-East of Europe, "peripheral" wars in Greece, Korea, Indo-China, etc. We kept it up while the world split into two

armed camps, and a third, intensely vitiated by Moscow; while the Suez Canal, vital artery of world economy, was "nationalised" by the coup of a dictator. We, or at least many of us, and, seemingly, well-nigh the whole outside world is indignant or horrified by the fact that Eden and Mollet mustered the astonishing courage of tearing away the mask of that illusion at a critical moment and to act according to Terence's more primitive: *Proximus sum egomet mihi*; to oppose the Security Council's security counsels with that "Njet" that for so long had been Moscow's monopoly. Not ours the heavy task of justifying that decision; we abhor bloodshed and every application of brute force. But we should not close our eyes to the realities behind the veil of hypocrisies whereby with general connivance the realities of today are hidden:

(1) Does the right of self-defence in case of an armed attack, provided for in the U.N. Charter, arise only after the physical effects of such attack have been suffered? Under today's conditions, what with jet aeroplanes, long-range missiles, etc., that first blow might be annihilating and prevent any effective self-defence.

(2) The police, in protecting law and order for the individual, has to act as soon as it is aware—or even merely suspects—the formation of a gang with the intention of committing murder or even minor acts of violence. Nasser and his gang had openly, and for a long time already, proclaimed Israel's annihilation as their aim and he put the final touch to that prepared act of aggression when taking supreme command of the united forces of Egypt, Syria and Britain's "ally" Jordan. What, under the U.N. Charter, was and could have been done to protect that small, young State against that openly confessed murderous blow? So far for Israel; but

(3) Propaganda, subversion and Fifth Columns being essential and integrated parts of modern warfare, Britain herself was subjected to aggression by Nasser's Egypt and his associates for at least a year: headlines in the Press and vociferous broadcasts attacked us daily as "mad dogs," "murderers," "terrorist slayers," etc.; minions of Egypt have forced Jordan, previously a faithful ally dependent upon British subsidies and assistance in all fields, into the camp of aggressors, have systematically stirred up unrest and revolt in Aden, Bahrein and Kuwait in order to deprive us of our indispensable oil reservoirs and, possibly, to secure them for Nasser's Pan-Arab dream empire.

(4) France, even more palpably, has suffered that aggression now for several years, preventing a settlement of the perhaps essentially justified ambitions of her native North African populations by stirring them up into civil war and providing them with the necessary weapons, money and instructors, and backing their extremism daily by all the means of a violent propaganda. France suffers the drain of wealth and blood without having, either through the world's Areopagus or by other legitimate means, any possibility of getting at the source, the instigator and organiser of that armed attack, that "Holy War" masked as a civil one.

(5) However, Nasser is not simply a megalomaniac fool, but an ambitious dictator acting under the compulsion of his own early promises. He has to secure increased welfare, by irrigation and industrialisation, for a miserably living population that, every year, grows by nearly half a million on a soil fertile only in a minute percentage of the whole country. Having been frustrated, brusquely and unwisely by the U.S.A. and Britain, in his hope for



the gigantic Aswan dam, he unintentionally sold his soul—and his sword—to Moscow: mainly for the deadly means of erecting a Pan-Arabian Empire whose oil and other resources might ultimately help to feed his starving millions. To favour by toleration such Communist infiltration and gain of a hold over the whole, soft underbelly of Western defences seems more than self-deception à la Munich—if not for the whole of U.N. with its strong contingent of neutralist, pro-Communist or blindfold members, at least for those within NATO, above all the U.S.A. Had Chamberlain and Daladier in 1938 had the courage to break the rules of non-violence with an ultimatum and, had Hitler even so attacked Czechoslovakia, to go to an "armed conflict" with him, that would most likely have meant his end and have prevented the Second World War.

Britain and France have today as good a cause as they would have had then if, not merely for the protection of the Suez Canal and for separating Israeli and Egyptian forces, but in order to stop the permanent and permanently growing attacks as above, they took the task of a protecting police force into their own hands. It is painful—however understandable from a moral point of view—to have the technical "attacker" Israel practically on their side, since it was Egypt that rejected the ultimatum. It is hypocrisy if political timidity in the countries which are their friends and allies makes them show their formal indignation rather than their true hopes of seeing that bold and terrible decision bear the fruits for which a lifelong man of peace, like Sir Anthony Eden and a Socialist like Guy Mollet can alone have taken it. The nation itself ought to pity them for having had to take that decision rather than take the easier step of opposing it and thus washing one's hands. For it is elementary forces, not paragraphs, which stand behind the events of these days; we can but hope that they may rapidly and moderately reach their ends, so that humanity can go to school once more and, without hypocrisy and self-delusion, try to elaborate better safeguards for peace.

In humanity's struggle for peace and international law most of its organs, governments, parliaments, Press and the international bodies themselves so far established for the realisation of those aims have fallen victim to an unintentional hypocrisy. The philosophical principle of the *Als ob* has seduced most of us to accept desired and desirable ends once they are laid down in writing and duly paragraphed as Law: binding even when visibly one-sided and destructive because others, necessary for the realisation of those ends, utterly disregard and ridicule them. The brutal assaults on Manchuria, Abyssinia, Czechoslovakia, finally the whole world, under the "rules" of the League of Nations have taught us nothing; the breach of faith and treaties by Moscow, its seizure by force and subversion of all eastern Europe under those of the United Nations have forced the West to fall back upon the abrogated means of military defence in form of NATO. Wishful thinking blinds those who—for reasons most honourable by themselves—condemn a desperate and badly handled measure of self-defence under vital peril, for the alarming parallel between the Egyptian dictator and Hitler, between both their aims and methods. Both have written—their autobiographies, cynically unveiling those aims: empires, in Nasser's case, extended towards the East by assuming the leadership of all Arabs, to the South by a "liberation" of the Sudan, possibly the Nile sources as his *Lebensraum* and strategic-economic necessity. The wiping out of Israel too

differs only in its religious and material, as against Hitler's racial and material motivation. Where, finally, is the essential difference between Hitler's breach of treaty when he remilitarised the Rhineland and Nasser's confiscation of the international Suez Canal or between their accepting the Kremlin's support when challenging the Western Powers? In both cases, as in the previous ones whereby the presupposed world order was destroyed and nations despoiled or destroyed, the writ of our international organisations proved totally ineffective. The law-breakers would have triumphed had not a few of its previous protagonists taken it in despair into their own hands.

Sad as it is to have to confess all that, it behoves precisely the fervent apostles of peace and international law and justice to do so now. This does not mean a plea for military action taken in an emergency as a "considered risk" but carried out with a badly mismanaged political tactic and disregard of psychological "warfare"—though it may still prove to have preserved the world from a Moscow satellite No. 7 on the Nile and of a, finally world-wide, conflagration in the world of Islam. But it may help us to get rid of the veils of hypocrisy and spurn the efforts of all those truly desirous of the rule of law in international affairs to find new ways and means whereby to make the world safe for it.

EDGAR STERN-RUBARTH

## THE SECOND EMPIRE. I. LOUIS NAPOLEON

**N**APOLEON the Little, as Victor Hugo called him, was a pale shadow of his mighty uncle but a far better man. Bismarck thought his intellect overrated and his heart underrated. The greatest of soldiers was the super-egoist of all times. Taine's scathing verdict—"a condottiere of the fifteenth century"—fits him like a glove. France was his instrument, not his fatherland. Did anyone ever love him? Certainly neither his family nor his two wives. Did he ever love anybody? Josephine, perhaps, for a few months. "If you would rule mankind," he declared, "the heart must break or turn to stone." For him the choice was easy, but his nephew's heart never turned to stone. "I love and respect him," declared Conneau, the faithful doctor who stood at his side from youth to old age, and knew all his failings. There was a kindliness, occasionally an almost feminine gentleness, in him which we miss in the executioner of the Duc d'Enghien. "He is not even a gentleman," complained Wellington of his formidable antagonist. The nephew, at any rate, never cheated at cards. He took a keen interest in the working class and honestly tried to improve their lot. "La guerre," exclaimed the fallen Emperor to the youthful Lord John Russell on a visit to Elba, "c'est un bon jeu, une belle occupation." Though his nephew was proud of Marengo and Austerlitz he had no love of war and his heart bled at the butchery of Solferino. Yet when all is said for the most humane of dictators it might have been better for France and the world had he never been born. Uncle and nephew alike were gamblers who plunged their country into avoidable conflicts and brought invading armies to Paris. That they died in exile unmourned by their former subjects tells its own tale.

Louis Napoleon, like the great Emperor, believed in his star and his faith was sustained by occurrences in his early life. His eldest brother died in childhood, the next was struck down by fever during the Carbonari rising in 1831, and in the following year the Duc de Reichstadt passed away at



Schönbrunn. When Rostand's *L'Aiglon* was gone, the surviving child of Louis Bonaparte and Hortense Beauharnais became the recognised champion of the Bonapartist cause. Joseph, the elder brother of Napoleon, was living quietly in America and had no son; Lucien had been out of favour and ceased to count since Brumaire. Though the Emperor divorced Josephine he remained on excellent terms with her children and liked to have Hortense and her boys about the Court. The future Napoleon III retained dim memories of the man whose words and deeds filled his mind and shaped his career. When the curtain fell in St. Helena in 1821 the boy of thirteen wrote to his mother: "In Paris I was so young that it is only in my heart that I have any memory of him. When I do wrong, if I think of this great man I seem to feel his spirit within me bidding me be worthy of his name." To his aged grandmother he wrote: "You can imagine how welcome is the blessing of the mother of the Emperor, for I venerate him as a god." They were all pygmies compared with him, he exclaimed, but even a pygmy could carry on a giant's work.

Realising that France had had enough of war, Louis turned his active mind to the problems of peace. His ideal form of government was a benevolent autocracy resting on nation-wide assent. The great Emperor had promised constitutional reform in the *Acte Additionel* during the Hundred Days, though whether his pledge would have materialised had the verdict of Waterloo gone the other way we may doubt. His nephew coquetted with a similar notion, and the promise of a Liberal Empire was implemented in a half-hearted way at the close of his reign. While the *Petit Caporal* had regarded the masses primarily as cannon-fodder, his successor thought of them as subordinate partners in a national task. Inheriting the ideal of paternalism from the Enlightened Despots of the eighteenth century, he aspired to deserve the proud title assigned to himself by Frederick the Great of *le premier domestique l'état*.

The expulsion in 1830 of Charles X, the last of the elder branch of the Bourbon line, and the accession of Louis Philippe cleared the road for further changes. The son of the regicide Egalité steered a middle course between outmoded dynastic autocracy and nascent democracy in the long afternoon of the Restoration era. Sharing the conviction of Guizot, the greatest of his Ministers, that the interests of France were best served by the *juste milieu*, the leadership of the educated middle class, and that the country needed peace to recover from the revolutionary storm, he believed that his subjects cared more about money than politics. It was a profound miscalculation. The worthy old King was colourless, the Court was dull, foreign affairs were unexciting except for the conquest of Algeria, and Lamartine pronounced the devastating verdict *La France s'ennuie*. There was a general impression that the July Monarchy, which had begun with a revolution, would end in the same way. In that event who would take the helm? The Comte de Chambord, grandson of Charles X, was living in retirement in Austria and was considered too wedded to the *ancien régime* of evil memory to be seriously considered; the Orleanist heir, the Comte de Paris, was a child of six. Only a few Intellectuals wished for a Republic.

The answer occurred to many people when the Arc de Triomphe was completed in 1836 and the body of the Emperor was brought home in 1840 to rest in the Invalides. With the rise of a new generation memories were

dimming of the price paid for the luxury of a superman, and the Napoleonic legend began to take shape in the spirited verses of Béranger and the brisk narrative of Thiers. The writings of his nephew, above all *Les Idées Napoléoniennes*, published in 1839, offered an attractive programme: a combination of order and liberty, the ending of the revolutionary era, the substitution of merit for privilege and birth. The Emperor had left the edifice unfinished, but other hands were ready to apply his doctrines to a new age. Convinced that he alone was able to give France what she desired, Louis Napoleon had raised his standard in a two hours' *putsch* at Strasbourg in 1836. Exiled to the United States by a lenient sentence after the first bloodless attempt, he incurred a heavier penalty for a second and more serious challenge at Boulogne in 1840 by a life sentence.

The six years in the fortress of Ham, though alleviated by study, authorship and visitors, might well have broken an ordinary mortal, but his belief in his destiny was unimpaired. General Montholon, who had shared the Emperor's exile at St. Helena, Conneau, the faithful family doctor, a valet, and a village girl who bore him two sons, were a consolation. Hortense Cornu, daughter of Hortense's lady in waiting, his playmate from childhood, procured him books, and he dabbled in chemical experiments. He was never a man to be idle and he knew how to wait. His old friend Lord Malmesbury, visiting him in 1845, found him in excellent spirits and serenely confident in his star. "I have no wish to be elsewhere," he wrote during the first winter. "Here is my right place. With my name I must be either in the gloom of a dungeon or in the glare of power." "I have faith," he wrote to a friend in 1842, "the faith which makes men endure all things with resignation and makes them trample underfoot all joys, the faith which alone can move mountains." "If I have miraculously escaped every danger," he added three years later, "if my soul stands fast in face of so many disappointments, it is because I have a mission." When offered release in return for renunciation of his claims and a promise to abstain from further attempts to overthrow the regime he declined, convinced that time was on his side. In addition to contributing to the local press he published brochures on the extinction of pauperism and unemployment by agricultural colonies, on the sugar beet industry, on artillery, and on the desirability of a Nicaraguan canal, some of which were widely read. Louis Philippe was ageing; Guizot, who had passed for a Liberal under the Bourbon restoration, now opposed the extension of the franchise, and France seemed ripe for a change. When repairs were needed in his rooms in 1846 he disguised himself in the clothes of a workman brought in by his valet, shaved off his beard and moustache, rouged his pale face, carried a plank on his shoulder, walked quietly out and entered Belgium with a British passport supplied by a friend. Turning up unexpectedly in London he was welcomed by old friends, among them Disraeli and other members of Lady Blessington's lively circle in Kensington, and served as a special constable when the Chartist demonstrations in 1848 alarmed the capital. "Evidently a weak fellow," commented Cobden, "but mild and amiable." Still waters run deep.

When the July Monarchy collapsed in 1848 the ruler fled to England and a Republic was proclaimed. Louis Napoleon crossed to Paris and offered his services to the Provisional Government, but he was requested to leave. Back in London within the week he issued a protest which was also a

manifesto. "I thought that after thirty-three years of exile and prison I had a right to find a home in my native land. You think my presence might be an embarrassment, so I retire for the moment. You will see in this sacrifice the purity of my intentions and my patriotism." With memories of Strasbourg and Boulogne to warn him against premature action he was willing to bide his time. Fortune, he felt, was on his side and the life of the Second Republic seemed likely to be brief. The National Convention elected in April by manhood suffrage was divided into warring groups—Legitimists and Orleanists, Republicans and Socialists. The Pretender was urged by his supporters to stand, but he contented himself with selling the remainder of his father's estate and borrowing money from English friends.

Meanwhile the Provisional Government was unwittingly fostering his cause. When supplementary elections were held in June to fill twenty-three vacant seats Louis Napoleon was returned in four Departments. Some regiments cried *Vive Napoleon*, Bonapartist journals were founded, and portraits began to appear with the simple caption *Lui*. The timid Government carried a resolution to arrest the Pretender if he returned to France, but on the following day Jules Faure, the eloquent Republican lawyer, persuaded the Chamber to annul its decision on the ground that every elected member had a right to sit and that the Prince would be a simple citizen like the rest of them. Seizing his opportunity, the Prince wrote from London a letter to be read to the Chamber. "If the people impose duties on me I should be ready to fulfil them." The duties of which he spoke, it was clear to friends and foes, travelled far beyond the routine of a deputy. When this unabashed announcement of political ambitions stung some of the members to anger, he despatched a second letter resigning his seat on the grounds that he had no wish to cause disorder. Though the chess-player was matched against singularly weak opponents, it must be conceded that he planned his moves with amazing skill.

A few days later the Government reaped the harvest of its almost unbelievable folly in starting National Workshops for the unemployed in the capital. Beginning with 6,000 in March, the numbers rapidly swelled to 100,000, far beyond the capacity of the authorities to find work, and thousands of loafers who streamed into the capital received a small daily wage for doing nothing. When the Government, appalled by the growing danger, ordered them into the army or back to the provinces, barricades were erected and for four days in June the streets ran with blood. The revolt was suppressed by Cavaignac at the cost of thousands of casualties. For a brief space he was hailed as a Saviour of Society, but his militant republicanism alienated the royalists in the Chamber and his influence rapidly waned.

When thirteen vacant seats had to be filled in September Louis Napoleon was returned in five constituencies and took up his residence in an hotel in the Place Vendôme. A Republican Constitution had been worked out during the summer the most significant feature of which was the choice of a President for four years by a plebiscite, only one term being allowed. Though Cavaignac and Lamartine, the two leading members of the Government, had presidential ambitions, Louis Napoleon headed the poll with five and a half million votes against one and a half for Cavaignac, moved from his hotel to the Elysée and took the oath. "In the presence of God and in the face of the French people I swear to remain faithful to the democratic

Republic and to defend the Constitution." On his Presidential tours cries of *Vive l'Empereur* were heard, and he was himself astonished at the extent of his popularity. "My name," he declared, "is a complete programme in itself. It stands for order, authority, religion, the welfare of the people, national dignity." A majority of Frenchmen believed him and were ready to follow his lead. The bourgeoisie had been thoroughly scared by the riots in 1848 and dreaded further eruptions of the Fourth Estate. The President exercised an authority which strained the constitutional limits, appointing and dismissing Ministers and Generals at his pleasure. Since the establishment of the Presidency, commented Morny, the Republic existed only in name. Since his uncle had advanced from the position of First Consul to the Consulate for life and finally to the Imperial title, he resolved to copy his time-table. The only obstacle was his oath to the Constitution, but dictators, like aggressors, care nothing for scraps of paper. The masses were obviously ready for a change, but leading politicians such as Thiers and Intellectuals such as Victor Hugo detested autocracy in every form and their resistance could only be overcome by a *coup*. All hesitation vanished in July when the Chamber rejected a proposal to revise the Constitution and make the President re-eligible.

At this moment a new actor with a thicker skin advanced towards the centre of the stage. The King of Holland and Queen Hortense had parted company soon after the birth of their youngest son, and before long Hortense, starving for affection, fell in love with a dashing young officer, Comte de Flahault, an illegitimate son of Talleyrand, and gave birth to a boy who was registered in the name of Demorny. Not till nearly forty years later did Louis Napoleon meet his half-brother, the ablest and the most active of the Bonapartists. Persigny, the earliest and most faithful, was rather a light weight, and Walewski, a bastard of Napoleon and Countess Walewska, had little to recommend him beyond the blood tie. Prince Napoleon, son of Jerome, King of Westphalia, and brother of Princesse Mathilde, had more brains, but his radical and anticlerical views and his disagreeable personality rendered him a liability. Cecil Rhodes was sometimes described as the best of the Rhodesians, and Louis Napoleon may claim to have been the most likeable of the Bonapartes, though that is not a very high compliment.

The *coup* of December 2nd, 1851, the anniversary of Austerlitz, tore up the Constitution and inaugurated a naked dictatorship. Leading politicians—both royalists and republicans—and generals were arrested in their beds, troops filled the streets before dawn, and posters informed the capital that France had a master once more. Sporadic opposition, not on December 2nd but two days later, was ruthlessly repressed and the casualties probably exceeded the official figures of 215. Thousands were imprisoned and about 200 were exiled to Cayenne. Neither Morny, the directing brain, nor St. Arnaud, the military arm, broke his heart about the slaughter, but the Dictator often brooded over the catastrophe. Though he had hoped to avoid the shedding of blood he bears the responsibility before history on the principle *qui veut la fin veut les moyens*. "You wear December 2nd like a Nessus shirt," exclaimed Eugénie one day when her husband looked oppressed. "Yes," he replied, "it is always on my mind." Victor Hugo, son of one of Napoleon's Generals and an ardent admirer of the superman, lashed out at the Man of December in *Les Châtiments*, the fiercest political satire in

French poetry. Fleeing to Belgium via Guernsey he vowed to return only when liberty was restored, and he kept his pledge. On December 20th a plebiscite authorised a Presidential term of ten years by seven and a half million votes to six hundred and fifty thousand.

A vivid portrait of the Prince President is painted in the correspondence of Lord Cowley who arrived in Paris as British Ambassador a few weeks after the *coup*. "To fathom his thoughts or divine his intentions would try the powers of the most clear-sighted. No one's advice seems to affect him. He seems a strange mixture of good and evil. Few approach him who are not charmed by his manners. I am told that an angry word never escapes him. His determination of purpose needs no comment." The new Constitution announced on the morrow of the *coup d'état* inaugurated a regime as totalitarian as that of the First Empire. The President was to appoint the Ministers and he alone could initiate legislation. The Upper Chamber, a wholly nominated body, was to sit in secret, and the proceedings of the Lower House, elected by manhood suffrage, only reached the public through reports authorised by the Government. When the new Chambers met in March, 1852, they found that many decrees, some of them embodying the plans of social reform long cherished by the Dictator, had been issued and implemented. Most of them were widely approved but a jarring note was quickly heard. That the Orleans family was ordered to sell their landed property, following the precedents of the treatment of the Bonapartes by Louis XVIII and of the Bourbons by Louis Philippe, was natural enough. But on the same day in January a second decree nullified a large donation to his sons by Louis Philippe on his accession, reserving a life interest for himself. Though the Dictator claimed to be correcting an illegality and allotted the proceeds to purposes of social betterment, four Ministers resigned in protest, among them Morny, Minister of the Interior, who declined the offer of a seat in the Senate. A year later the Empire was proclaimed after a further triumphant plebiscite, and Napoleon III, as he styled himself, moved from the Elysée to the Tuileries. To adopt the phraseology of Disraeli on his appointment as Prime Minister, he had climbed to the top of the greasy pole, and all the world wondered how long he would stay there.

G. P. GOOCH

*To be continued.*

## DICKENS AS EDITOR

DICKENS the Editor is often forgotten while Dickens the novelist remains universally famous. Yet in his many years of editorship he gave help and encouragement to unknown writers who later made names for themselves as authors. His first venture was when in November, 1836, he accepted an offer to edit Richard Bentley's magazine at a monthly fee of £20, commencing the following January. Under his guidance *Bentley's Miscellany* became an instant success and before long his fee was increased. Apart from his editorial work his contributions included *Oliver Twist* which appeared in serial form. No instalment was published in early May, 1837, owing to the death of his sister-in-law Mary Hogarth. Readers were informed that he was mourning the death of a very dear young relative "to whom he was most affectionately attached and whose society had been for a long time the chief solace of his labours." By the next issue he was back in harness,

though not for long. In September, owing to a disagreement with Bentley over terms, he sent in his resignation as Editor. A more satisfactory agreement was reached for a time and he continued to edit *Bentley's Miscellany* until 1839.

Six years later he became Editor of the *Daily News*, a position he only held for a few weeks, resigning in favour of John Forster. While editing *Bentley's Miscellany* he had accepted contributions from a young writer named William Henry Wills and had been so impressed by these that he had asked for further submissions. As time passed, Wills established himself in the magazine world and by 1842 had become Assistant Editor of *Chambers's Journal*. When the *Daily News* was founded Wills became a sub-editor, a position he retained until Forster suggested that Dickens should procure his services as Assistant Editor of his projected weekly magazine. For a long time Dickens had toyed with the idea of starting a magazine. He visualised how it would deal with social abuses and at the same time entertain and inform its readers. Pressure of work and other commitments delayed his plans, and it was not until 1850 that his "dream magazine" became reality. It was published by Bradbury and Evans and edited, or as he preferred to call it conducted, by Dickens. The novelist owned half the shares in addition to receiving £500 a year as Editor. Bradbury and Evans owned a quarter of the remaining shares, Forster an eighth, and Wills the remaining eighth plus his salary as Assistant Editor. At first Dickens was undecided what to call his new magazine. But eventually a quotation from Shakespeare: "Familiar in their mouths as household words," provided the title. As soon as the magazine was planned Dickens with true editorial zeal began to look round for good contributors. As all the stories, poems and articles were to appear anonymously he could have been content with any type of writers, ensuring the magazine's success by including much of his own work. He wanted to give his readers a first-class magazine, however, and so he set out to secure good authors for it. One of the writers he wished to contact was Mrs. Gaskell, author of *Mary Barton*, a novel he had greatly admired. In a letter to her he outlined his aim of a new, cheap weekly journal of general literature with the "purpose of raising up those that are down and the general improvement of our social conditions." He added: "I do honestly know that there is no living English writer whose aid I would desire to enlist in preference to the authoress of *Mary Barton*. Mrs. Gaskell was too new to fame not to feel slightly flattered by the great novelist's request. She complied by submitting *Lizzie Leigh*, the first instalment of which appeared on March 30, 1850, in the very first issue of the magazine.

In that first issue the Editor addressed to his readers "A Preliminary Word":—"The name that we have chosen for this publication expresses, generally, the desire we have at heart in originating it. . . . We aspire to be in the Household affections and to be numbered among the Household thoughts of our readers. We hope to be the comrade and friend of many thousands of people, of both sexes and of all ages and conditions. . . . In the bosoms of the young and old, of the well-to-do and of the poor we would tenderly cherish that light of Fancy which is inherent in the human breast. . . ." He goes on to promise that the magazine will treat "with the past as well as the present, with other countries as well as Britain." Immediately following this Foreword was the first instalment of *Lizzie Leigh*. An article "Valentine's



Day at the Post Office" gave a description of the work of the Post Office and provided examples of oddly addressed letters, including one sent by an optimistic Salisbury schoolboy and addressed simply "To My Uncle Jon in London." A dramatic parable "Abraham and the Fireworshipper"; the first of a series in "The Amusements of the People; An Incident in the Life of Madelle Clairor"; a poem entitled "The Wayside Well" and a feature, "A Bundle of Emmigrants' Letters" completed the first issue. With the third it was announced that a supplementary number called *The Household Narratives of Current Events*, and dealing with the events of the previous month, would be published separately so that readers of *Household Words* could please themselves whether they bought it or not.

*Household Words* was an instant success; the hard work its Editor and his assistant put into the project helped to assure that. In spite of his many other commitments Dickens was no mere figurehead. He kept a close watch on the magazine, though he left much of the essential spade-work, even of accepting or rejecting submissions, to his able and accomplished assistant Wills. But even after a story or article had been approved by Dickens himself he often thought fit to alter it to suit his requirements. He developed a habit of cutting and improving the work of his various contributors, and it mattered not to him whether they were established authors or newcomers to writing; all were liable to have their work tailored to suit his magazine. Indeed his habit often aroused the anger of his more celebrated contributors. He did not care; the magazine was the important thing to his mind, not the sensibilities of his authors. He liked to go through each issue carefully and was keen on watching the balance of it. Later, when serialising *North and South*, his insistence that each instalment should only run to so many pages caused a coldness to arise between him and his valued contributor Mrs. Gaskell. Each issue must fit into his pre-conceived pattern. As he had promised entertainment as well as instruction to his readers, he did his best to provide both. He urged Wills and others to "Brighten it, brighten it, brighten it." Every article had to be readable and well-written to capture the attention of his readers. He was very careful to check details or have them checked. "Nothing can be so damaging to *Household Words* as carelessness about facts," he commented. Nor did he believe in writing down to his less educated readers, for he observed: "I always hold that to be as great a mistake as can be made." He could on occasion be severe as to the style of writing, as when he mentioned that a proposed issue "contained one or two articles that were in a very slovenly state, both as to the Queen's English and pointing." His dislike of slang is proved by his comment that an accepted article needed "the omission of certain slang phrases." On yet another occasion he warned that in a certain contribution "the word 'Yo' must not stand for 'You'." His usual rather high standard is proved by comments on certain submissions. On one occasion he observed that it was better to be without a poem than a poem without an idea. On another he called a submission "unmitigated rot." One of Eliza Lynn's accepted contributions, though paid for, was held over because he did not consider it "quite wholesome."

Yet Dickens was always willing to print any good articles, poems and stories by unknown writers and both he and Wills gave all the encouragement they could. One of his regular "young men" was George Augustus Sala

who later became well-known in Fleet Street. Another was Henry Morley, a member of the staff of *Household Words*. Emily Jolly was encouraged to persevere as Dickens described her as "a great writer coming up." Hesba Stretton, now almost forgotten, but famous in Victorian times as the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*, first saw some of her work in print in *Household Words*. Young George Meredith contributed poems and so did Adelaide Proctor though her work was submitted under the name of "Mr. Berwick." Bulwar Lytton, Walter Savage Landor, Percy Fitzgerald, Leigh Hunt, Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Gaskell, to mention only a few famous names, were eager to provide *Household Words* with stories, articles and poems and accept the liberal and prompt payment offered by Dickens. Wilkie Collins' first contribution was a story called "A Terribly Strange Bed," published in April, 1852. Later Dickens turned down another story sent in by Collins called "Mad Monkton" because it dealt with hereditary insanity and he thought the theme might distress some of his readers. By 1856 Collins was contributing so many stories and articles to *Household Words* that he was persuaded to join the staff.

The Editor of *Household Words* and his assistant were always lavish in their praise of good work. Many now famous novels were first printed in this magazine or in its successor *All The Year Round*. *Cranford* was one of these and at first Mrs. Gaskell only intended to write one sketch of this story. Dickens was delighted with the first "paper," as he called it, gave it first place in the issue, and persuaded the author to submit more sketches. Even as late as November 28, 1863, she wrote a little sequel to *Cranford* entitled "The Cage at Cranford" which was published in *All The Year Round*. By this time she was doing very little work for Dickens. She had become rather tired of trying to fit her work into his requirements, especially when it came to serialising some of her stories. She was also being offered much larger fees than he could afford to pay by such magazines as *The Cornhill*. Even so she seems to have treated him rather unfairly, for on one occasion she went so far as to make a distinction between work which she considered "good enough" for Dickens and work which she reserved for the more high-class magazines. To a certain extent he seems to have been treated rather badly by a few of his early contributors, people whom he had helped to gain a firmer foothold on the literary ladder. Harriet Martineau was perhaps the worst example of this. In 1855 Henry Morley wrote a series of articles about accidents in factories, a subject dear to the heart of the Editor of *Household Words*. The facts given in Morley's articles were vehemently denied by Harriet Martineau on behalf of the employers. Not content with this she went on to attack *Household Words* itself. Dickens does not seem to have been unduly perturbed, but comments that all the time he knew she was a "humbug."

It can be argued that Dickens did not always deal fairly with his publishers. After a disagreement with Bradbury and Evans, the manner in which he wound up *Household Words* and started a new magazine on similar lines before the final issue could be taken as evidence of this. In that last issue he wrote a footnote, published on May 28, 1859:—"The first page of the first of these nineteen volumes was devoted to a Preliminary Word from the writer by whom they were projected, under whose constant supervision they have been produced, and whose name has been (as his pen and himself have been) inseparable from the Publication ever since. The last page of the last of these



Nineteen Volumes is closed by the same hand." Dickens bought the right to include the title *Household Words* in his new magazine *All the Year Round* which first appeared on April 30. Wills was again his Assistant Editor and most of his contributors, including Collins who was still on his staff, began to write for the new venture. In November, 1859, Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities* ended, and it was announced that the next serial would also aim at providing that section of the magazine with a work of imagination that may become part of English Literature. That serial was Wilkie Collins's *A Woman in White* which sent up the already good circulation figures. The Special Christmas numbers, which had been such firm favourites in the *Household Words*' times, were continued. The circulation of the 1860 Christmas number reached a quarter of a million copies. Circulation was rarely a worry to Dickens, for his many years of editing and his experience as a novelist combined had made him aware of the features his readers required. That knowledge and his own hard work coupled with the co-operation of his colleagues ensured that Dickens as Editor was a success.

MARION TROUGHTON

### THE COLOUR PROBLEM IN BRITAIN

FROM being a country almost devoid of the problems connected with race and colour Britain is now faced with them through the steady immigration of West Indians, Pakistanis and Arabs into the industrial areas where jobs are plentiful and pay is high. The numbers are small compared with what the United States and South Africa are used to—the grand total is probably not more than 100,000 in a population of fifty millions: small enough to be lost but big enough—and getting bigger every year—to compel Britain to look colour in the face on its own doorstep.

The West Indians dominate the scene. They come at the rate of 26,000 a year from the sunny islands of Jamaica, Barbados and Trinidad lured by high wages and the ease of immigration for they are British subjects. To go to Britain and have a spell in a factory or in the transport system is a contagious fashion in the West Indies and the 200 or so who return each year (disillusioned by the climate and working conditions) do not stem the flow Britain-wards.

What sort of reception are they getting? Birmingham—the centre of a big industrial area—is the mecca of thousands of West Indians and the Birmingham Christian Social Council has recently published its findings on an investigation into the employment of coloured workers in the area. One employing firm summed up the situation from the employer's point of view in this way—"West Indian workers are very satisfactory; good workers, good mixers, scrupulously clean and good savers, if appearing man for man slightly less intelligent than the Birmingham natives." All opinion is opposed in principle to discrimination and wished to be friendly but some Trade Union branches feel that if a time of unemployment were to come then it would be unfair if coloured people had work and local workers not.

West Indians, West Africans and Pakistanis (there are said to be 10,000 of the third group in Birmingham) themselves report little active hostility particularly in their work although they had the impression that it was difficult for them to get promotion in industry and most of them had the impression that they were sometimes refused jobs because of their colour. But as far as

the Birmingham investigators could discover no coloured worker in the area has been refused a job because he is coloured.

Even with West Indian immigration at 26,000 a year it will still be some time before even one per cent of Britain is coloured, but the presence of a new element in the structure of the population is noticeable. London's Brixton now has some of the characteristics of New York's Harlem. Walking down Brixton's Atlantic Road on a Sunday morning I passed twenty people—twelve were coloured and in the afternoon sun West Indian women were sitting out on the pavement in Sunday white and heliotrope. Vicars of local churches lend their halls for services conducted by West Indians who do not find the formal pattern of English worship congenial. At a North London meeting of the West Indian International Christian Fellowship there were representatives from British Guiana, Jamaica, Montserrat, Nigeria, Iraq and Pakistan.

Oxford's fifty West Indian bus conductors are a good instance of the successful integration of a coloured group. The men all hold union cards and enjoy the privileges of other employees, have the same rates of pay and are subject to the same seniority rules. There are no fears on either side about preferential treatment. What has helped a great deal is the bus company's cricket team in which the West Indians shine with seven out of eleven players including the vice-captain Laurie Spencer who has played for Trinidad against England. An informed Oxford observer said to me, "These people have settled down extremely well and most of the bus company employees help in whatever way they can. The greatest help is to accept them as equals—and this has been done by their fellow workers, if not by some of Oxford's citizens."

In Sheffield, the steel centre of Britain, there are 2,000 coloured workers with a large group of Arabs from Aden who speak no English and find life hard and cold in a rather bleak industrial city. They are unable to take a share in the teamwork of the factories and seem unlikely to fit into the city's labour force. In one Nottingham textile factory there has been a definite feeling against "the colonial worker," as the women call the newcomers, and the management devised a plan of segregation. The coloured girls were put to work on cheaper goods in their own department under a white supervisor and it seems (according to an official of the employers' organisation) that "It is what most of the white workers want, and the coloured girls like to be together anyway."

Incidents of prejudice appear to be based on genuine differences of opinion as well as on colour prejudice. Seventy porters at a London terminus struck because they did not think the six Jamaican porters could be trusted in handling goods and that they worked slowly. One Jamaican in Derby admitted striking a boy who called him "Black Sambo" and when he was bound over for twelve months to keep the peace he admitted that the "police were very fair" and in Liverpool a fifteen-year-old coloured boy wounded a man in the mouth for "saying rude things about niggers" and in Huddersfield a man got five years imprisonment for attacking a coloured man. One proprietor of a Plymouth fish and chip shop says that she has had threatening telephone calls demanding that her coloured girl assistant should be dismissed and that she has noticed that the takings have dropped by as much as seven pounds a day, but she is determined to keep the girl and is winning support from other customers.

A public opinion poll in Birmingham put to a thousand citizens resulted in 981 people saying that they would object to a coloured worker being in charge of them; 985 said they would not take a coloured person into their homes as a lodger; 809 considered immigration from the West Indies, Africa and Asia into Britain should be restricted, while 170 thought they had a special duty towards coloured people in their city and 563 did not. But 289 said they would support a law which made a colour bar or racial discrimination illegal, while 353 would not.

There is, of course, an almost universal feeling against the association of coloured men and white girls with the possibility of mixed marriages and it is this risk which makes the plans of social organisations and the churches difficult in arranging for local integration. The Indians, Pakistanis and Arabs, either Hindus or Moslems and often not naturally at home in the English language, prefer to keep to themselves and have formed at least six associations for political, religious and welfare purposes. Most of them prefer to run their own small businesses and keep their strong links with their homes. The West Indians, however, are accustomed to mixing with English people and have a tradition of friendship with Britain and regard it as "their country" as much as native-born Britishers. Many of them have religious links too through the churches and while all the churches in the districts where coloured workers have settled welcome them the West Indians themselves rather like their own freer, livelier style of worship and so tend towards separation in their religious groupings.

Looking at the coming of colour to Britain over the whole country, minute as it is in proportion to the white population, it can be said there is no sign of a rise of a colour bar. There are prejudices, incidents with landlords, difficulties about housing, problems of daily conduct which may be magnified because one of the parties is coloured but in the main there is much public goodwill towards the newcomers. You see it on London's Underground and the popularity of the coloured employees and in the big industrial cities where the coloured worker is taken for granted as part of the pattern of modern industry. The overseas student too from all parts of Africa and Asia is also here by the thousand and he helps to condition the British public to the presence of colour. He, of course, is only a visitor but an extremely important one in eventual and potential influence back home. What he thinks about colour in Britain will decide political policy in Asia and Africa as much as the experiences of his industrial compatriot in heavy industry and transport. In fact the ordinary Britisher is now facing the colour problem as he has read about it in South Africa and the United States and much may turn on his personal and industrial reactions.

CECIL NORTHOTT

### PRINCE EUGENE

**P**RINCE EUGENE of Savoy was the noblest of the prominent figures of the eighteenth century. His character is not tarnished by perfidy and cruelty like that of Louis XIV or Frederick the Great. He never indulged in an orgy of aggression like Charles XII. If Marlborough was perhaps greater as a strategist, Eugene was a stronger character. Never would he accept presents from foreign monarchs or ministers, even when allied to the Habsburg Monarchy. Impossible to think that he would accept from the France of Louis XIV the promise of two million livres in case he could

achieve an honourable peace treaty, as Marlborough did. No less unfamiliar was it to him to play a complicated political game, as did the hero of Ramillies and Oudenaarde when he corresponded with the Pretender, while clearly conscious of the fact that the salvation of England and of his supporters depended on the Hanoverian succession. Never would Eugene have allowed a bedchamberwoman like Mrs. Masham, an intriguer like Harley, a scoundrel like St. John, to attain such an ascendancy as slowly but surely to ruin his reputation. At a certain moment he was in an analogous situation as his "brotherly friend and helper" on the battlefield. It was in the reign of Charles VI, who followed the much regretted Joseph I, a man of great promise, full of untiring if sometimes restless energy who perhaps might have saved the Monarchy if he lived. But he died after a short reign of only six years from smallpox. Charles VI, his brother, was of a different build. Proclaimed King of Spain and ejected, he stuck to this position with fanatical persistency. He also instituted as Emperor in Vienna a "Spanish Council" and gave Spaniards undue influence on his decisions. These Spaniards formed a clique in full opposition to the "Germans" (so they used to call themselves though they were Austrians) and to the Prince.

Eugene was the son of a Franco-Italian Prince, Comte de Soissons who belonged to the House of Savoy-Carignan, and the beautiful, brilliant niece of Cardinal Mazarin, Olympia Mancini. After having been for many years the mistress of Louis XIV she had to leave France under the accusation of having tried to poison the King. But it was because she was more intelligent that they got rid of her—this was the interpretation of her fall by the candid Lieselotte, Duchess of Orleans, the *enfant terrible* of the Court of Versailles. Though Eugene could never write German correctly he was the head of the "German Party" in the State Conference, the Ministry, and the defender of the Empire against aggression from east and west. Like Marlborough he became a Prince of the Empire. He had left France because Louis XIV denied him a military career, and fled to Austria where his brother was a Colonel, was accepted and appreciated by the Emperor Leopold at an hour of mortal danger. The Turks were besieging Vienna (1683) and would have conquered it but for the stupid greed of the Grand-Vizier Kara Mustapha, who wanted to plunder the city without its destruction by heavy bombardment.

Eugene had defeated the Turks in his first battle of Zenta by the inspiration of his personality, his quick decisions, and the fortitude of his troops. He possessed something more than the common virtues of a leader—an almost artistic sense for the importance of the detail. He won at Zenta because he had seen that a sandbank in the river Theiss was practicable for an attack in the rear of the enemy. He lured Marshal Catinat in the War of the Spanish Succession who occupied a position in South Tirol which should normally prevent him from reaching Italy and delivering this part of the Realm from French predominance. But with the help of the people—always the people were on his side and loved him—and by a piece of technical and strategic virtuosity he crossed the Alps as Hannibal had done and Bonaparte was to do. He surmounted immense difficulties by his knowledge of every trick in the art of war. It is astounding to read in Arneth's classical biography how thoroughly he had planned the surprising attack on Cremona with the aid of a priest through whose house an old forgotten canal led into the fortress and Eugene succeeded in capturing the Commander in Chief, Marshal Villeroy,

in his headquarters. By such deeds he acquired a prestige which discomfited even an better commander like the Duc de Vendôme, grandson of Henri IV and Gabrielle d'Estrées, after a success against Eugene. Vendôme also believed that by a sort of Maginot line he could ruin Eugene's expedition to relieve Turin which the French army were besieging. With short and masterly movements the Prince created a false impression, and found a way to pass the Adige after the most minute personal research without the loss of a single man. Thus he destroyed the exuberant hopes of the enemy, outmanoeuvred Vendôme from all his positions, and reached Turin just in time to smash the French and Bavarian troops and to free the city from its besiegers.

At Peterwardein in the battle of Belgrade (1717) he fought with the odds two against less than one, but he succeeded owing to the extreme care with which he protected his flanks and the excellent rules of tactics he gave to his cavalry against the furious but disorderly onslaught of the Spahis. Though a cavalryman himself, ready to risk his life, like Alexander or Caesar, fighting in person if necessary for the success of a doubtful battle, he kept a cool head. Like Marlborough at Blenheim, he changed his plan at Peterwardein at a moment's notice when he perceived that the Turks in the fury of their first success had committed a blunder. But this genius of activity could also, like Fabius Cunctator, tire out the enemy by a purely defensive attitude. In his last war when sixty princes, among them the King of Prussia and his son the later Frederick the Great, had come to see the "Old Lion" performing spectacular deeds in the style of Zenta and Turin, the "Old Lion" knew that he had Villars against him, his only match on the battlefield. Villars had caused him his only real defeat at Denain in the Netherlands after England's defection in the War of the Spanish Succession where nearly all French territory was lost which the "Twins" Marlborough and Eugene had won in glorious co-operation. Knowing in his last campaign that his troops were the only army to protect Austria and that he was hopelessly outnumbered by the French, he chose to disappoint the princely spectators and to be called the "shadow of Eugene" than to risk a catastrophe. Never perhaps was he greater than in these days of forced passivity.

Proud he was, but unlike Marlborough he was never nervous or depressed though the conditions under which he had to work could have brought even a strong man to despair. We hear his outcry in his letters to the Emperor Leopold. "The soldiers are half naked, have had no pay for months and are forced to plunder if they do not want to starve. They lose all respect for the officers who are in the same plight and become deserters out of sheer need for food and shelter." The analogy with Marlborough's fate is astonishing, at least at the beginning of the intrigue. Villars, Eugene's friend and admirer though he fought against him, wrote to him that his worst enemies were not on the battlefield but at the court in Vienna as Villars' worst enemies were at Versailles. Eugene the faithful, what was he really? Not a Cromwell as was insinuated to Anne about Marlborough, but a new Wallenstein. He had the sympathy of the army; a simple "Wachtmeister" had written and had composed the song of "Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter" after the victory of Belgrade which was to become a folksong. The common man loved his simplicity, tolerance and humanity. "I not only esteem the Prince," declared Marlborough, "I love him." Even his severity against acts of corruption like the selling of commissions was highly appreciated. He had

built palaces as grand and gorgeous in their baroque style as the Imperial Hofburg. He had been appointed President of the State Conference and of the highest military council and chief of the Netherlands administration. In the Council Chamber he was equally dominant in the most intricate questions of diplomacy. He was for a time, as Frederick the Great expressed it, the real Emperor, so why should he not aspire to the highest peak being so dangerously near it? Why should he stop suddenly on his triumphant way to power? So the Spaniards whispered. So the Ambassador of Savoy hinted to a few nobles who were sympathetic to Charles VI. The Emperor liked easy-going frivolous fellows. The conspirators, headed by Count Michael Althan whose wife was reputed to be the mistress of Charles, found a serviceable tool in Count Nimpf, a *mauvais sujet*. They introduced him and his underling an "Abbate" Tedeschi secretly at night into the rooms of Charles where Tedeschi produced documents which seemed to prove a villainous intrigue against the dynasty. All seemed ready for the final stroke which, as in the case of Wallenstein, would depose and finish off the traitor.

It was mere chance that this infamous conspiracy was detected. A servant of Count Nimpf saved Eugene. He had remarked the nightly unrest in the palace, the coming and going seemingly without purpose. He saw how the Count himself in a sort of masquerade often went out by night to an unknown place; sensing that something was plotted against the Prince whom he revered he went to Eugene and told his story. The Prince calmly thanked his hitherto unknown ally, and asked him to procure written proof of his suspicions. The servant was able to furnish this proof very quickly and Eugene, who knew that the man was in danger of his life, packed him off to Switzerland with a pension. Now he could act and he did, as Marlborough should have done when he was still enjoying his full authority. He demanded from the Emperor in private audience an immediate thorough and unbiased inquiry, else he would resign all his positions and call all Europe to witness how he had been treated. Till this was finished he would cease dealing with affairs of State. The Emperor, ashamed and intimidated, promised everything to avoid the scandal, but, in spite of his entreaties Eugene remained at home and declared that retirement from office was quite agreeable to him; he had enough good books and money not to find life tedious. He knew very well how much he was needed by the Monarchy, and the whole political machinery of Austria was stopped. The Ministry did not assemble since Eugene was its President and nobody dared to convoke it or the Military Council. All the honest members of these councils joined in condemning the malefactors. The "Abbate" Tedeschi was convicted as a falsifier and impostor, was flogged and banished. Count Nimpf was mildly punished, and the real leader of the conspiracy Count Althan got off with the injunction to refrain from all opposition against Eugene. Henceforth Charles tried successfully to restore amity between the Monarch and his most trustworthy and modest servant.

Eugene never sought revenge. He declined the offer of a crown in Poland and Corsica, but in his relationship to Marlborough he had the best opportunity to prove his rare modesty. Though already the victor of Zenta, Chiari, Carpi and Turin, he gave the supreme command of the allied army to Marlborough who declared, "Prince Eugene and I will never differ about our share of laurels." He consented at Blenheim, at Oudenaarde, at the siege of Lille, at Malplaquet to play the most difficult and dangerous role. He



always commanded the right wing with the design to harass the French in such a way that the Commander in Chief would be forced to weaken his centre. At Malplaquet he was like a dog who would furiously fly at much stronger game and bite deep into its flesh so as to give time to the hunter to finish it off. It was Marlborough who could play the part of the hunter with the final onslaught of his reserves, a much more glorious role; but Eugene was above petty jealousy. When he came to London to try to keep England in the Grand Alliance against Louis XIV he greeted "My Lord Duc," though he was a "forgotten man" shunned by all the courtiers, with utmost friendliness.

Eugene, "der edle Ritter," was not only the thunderer of the battlefield and a most able diplomatist and administrator but a man of wide knowledge and finest artistic culture. Fischer von Erlach and Lukas von Hildebrand, the most eminent representatives of the Austrian baroque style, were his architects. He was the friend and patron of Leibnitz. He collected a library of 14,000 books about nearly every subject, which became the most valuable property of the Austrian Hofbibliothek, and the Albertina was presented with his immense collection of etchings and portraits. Was he happy with his books and palaces, with the tame lion in his menagerie whom he used to feed? A man without love, Mars without Venus, he was called. A man without children, only with an extravagant and dishonest nephew, and with a niece who was foolishly to squander a great part of his invaluable heritage. All his riches could not preserve his body from illness, from the deadly tiredness after 33 years of exertion and 13 wounds. One lady friend he had: the beautiful and clever Countess Bathiany with whom he played regularly his game of "Piquet" in the evening. Had he at least achieved the aim of his life to consolidate the Monarchy internally and externally, could he secure the "Pragmatic Sanction" which constituted the right of succession to the throne of Maria Theresa? Yes and no. All the sworn guarantees, all solemn treaties, proved worthless after his death. Neither the army nor the administration was effective, but his spirit was not dead. The "Austrian Wonder" and the help of England saved the Monarchy; France, Spain, Bavaria, Prussia could not destroy it. The military genius of Frederick was not stronger than the heroism of Maria Theresa and her generals and troops. Thus Eugene and Marlborough at least achieved a permanent check on the idea of a world domination. They have given to their people more than their successes—a legend, as Churchill points out in his masterly biography, of better and nobler times, of glory without fanaticism, of greatness without arrogance, of unselfishness and self sacrifice. This halo of greatness survives even in our time when enthusiasm and hero-worship are banned. But the word of Goethe is still true that the best we learn from history is the enthusiasm it creates.

*Stocksund, Sweden.*

ERNST BENEDIKT

## TENDENCIES IN EAST GERMANY

**T**HE East German regime entered a period of crisis following the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, for it must adjust to a rapidly evolving situation. The denunciation of Stalin's repressive policies caused serious repercussions in East Germany, whose top communist leaders were among the most loyal followers of the

Russian dictator. They are now finding it difficult to shake off the stigma of Stalinism. The communists outside Russia are expected to stand on their own feet. This requires a rebuilding of the East German communist party which was founded on the principle of blind obedience. The people expect liberalisation of the regime, but any unpopular regime faces the danger that the loosening of its grip might provoke a revolt. If the East German regime can relax the severity of its rule without losing its authority, it will gain greater political support at home and win international prestige.

The lead in pressing for a new political orientation in East Germany, as in other communist countries, comes from the intelligentsia. Recently the students of the Technical University in Dresden, the only one in East Germany, had a heated argument with the rector. Some students wanted to visit West Germany during the summer vacations but the university authorities would not allow it, because, they said, the West German monopolists and militarists would press the students into their service. The students retorted that this showed the authorities did not trust their loyalty and good sense, and they won their argument.

Another significant incident occurred during a meeting of literary critics held in East Berlin where the main speaker was Professor Hans Mayer, a noted East German literary historian. As reported in the weekly cultural newspaper, *Sonntag*, Professor Mayer termed some ideas of Walter Ulbricht as "completely false." Herr Ulbricht, as first secretary of the Socialist Unity Party, is the top East German communist. The statements challenged by Professor Mayer were made during the Fourth East German Writers' Conference last year, where he said that the writers were engineers of the human soul. This remark has the demerit of being originally an idea of Stalin (the Writer's Congress was held before the start of de-Stalinisation campaign), and Stalin's ideas are now fair game for the critics, irrespective of their intrinsic worth. Professor Mayer also criticised some remarks of the poet Johannes Becher, Minister of Culture in East Germany, that the present literature of East Germany was a workers' literature. This showed confusion of substance and function, according to Professor Mayer. Presumably he meant that, although the East German literature promotes workers' interests, it does not arise from the working class because most of the present-day East German writers come from bourgeois families. These remarks of Professor Mayer did not go unchallenged. One of the dissenters was Alexander Abusch, a deputy Minister of Culture and a prominent communist, but the dissenters were clearly on the defensive.

This may seem merely a storm in a literary tea-cup. But cultural policies are a very serious matter in communist countries and, until recently, Herr Ulbricht has been beyond the reach of public criticism. His future is the subject of much speculation in East and West Germany because his standing is regarded as an inverse measure of political liberty in East Germany. Although the Third Congress of the Socialist Unity Party, held in March last year, unanimously approved his leadership, his position is far from secure. The other East German leaders have tried loyally to acclimatise him to the changed political atmosphere. He is the chosen speaker of soft words addressed in particular to the West German social democrats, whose co-operation is being sought fervently by the East German communists. When the West Berlin authorities published a list of names of over 250 social



democrats, alleged to be in East German prisons, Otto Grotewohl, the erst-while social democrat and now Prime Minister of East Germany, remarked gruffly that he had never heard the names. But Herr Ulbricht, the former tough communist, made the conciliatory reply that this matter as well as any other could be settled by direct negotiations between his party and the social democrats. His remarks about Stalin were the most critical of those made by any East European leader and he was known to enjoy the confidence of the present Soviet leadership. Last May Herr Ulbricht made a vacation trip into Czechoslovakia, leaving the Prime Minister Grotewohl alone to lead the 750th anniversary celebrations of the city of Leipzig and to make new proposals for German reunification in a special session of the East German People's Chamber. When Herr Ulbricht returned at the end of May he was a changed man. The tone of recent speeches and articles is humble and sorrowful. Undeterred by their rebuffs, he continues to woo the social democrats, offering them practically everything if only they would sit down to talk over matters with the Socialist Unity Party.

The future of Herr Ulbricht depends, ultimately, on the attitude of the East German people towards him. They distrust him for his very political adaptability: presumably there is a point of diminishing returns for a master at this art. He has faithfully followed every twist and turn of Soviet policy and must now discharge the guilt he has accumulated in this process. He is held implicated in the Stalinist purges where many German communists also perished. Moreover, the years 1945 to 1953 were very hard for the East German people. They had to pay heavy reparations charges on top of the privations caused by war-time destruction. Herr Ulbricht has become the symbol of their sufferings. The politically conscious East Germans find it hypocritical of him that he, a recent Stalinist, should lead the anti-Stalin campaign. The various institutions named after him, including a sports stadium and underground station in East Berlin, have become liabilities because they are signs of self-glorification. The ordinary people find him "unsympathisch." The West German leaders have declared that they will never sit at the same table with him. Thus the East German communists have much to lose by his continuance at their head and something to gain by his departure. The precipitate retirement of Herr Ulbricht, however, would cause panic among the ordinary East German communists, who are confused by recent events. For instance, until recently they were told that the social democratic leaders were traitors to the cause of the working class, and now that they are brothers in arms. The re-education of the rank and file must be completed before there are changes in the top leadership.

Another straw in the wind is an article by Professor George Klaus entitled "Tasks of Philosophical Theory and Research" which appeared in *Neues Deutschland*. Professor Klaus is director of the Philosophical Institute of the Humboldt University in East Berlin and his article embodies proposals for the future research activities of the Institute. He pays tribute to the successes made possible by the application of dialectical materialism, "even in the simplified form in which it is presented in the fourth chapter of the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*," but adds that the East German philosophers have by-passed important problems, such as Marxist interpretation of Kant and Hegel, or the problems of socialist ethics, in favour of research into Greek philosophy and sects of the Middle Ages which is freer

from political risks. Although he warns against superficial scepticism about dialectical materialism, Professor Klaus maintains that "we do not as yet possess a scientific systematic of dialectical materialism worked out in detail." He blames Stalin for having reduced the dialectics to a schematised formula and adds that "it is not right that German philosophers should explain the systematics of dialectical materialism only after the Soviet philosophers have worked it out."

Professor Klaus' article, although circumspect and respectful, breaks new ground with its declaration of intellectual independence for German thinkers and by suggesting indirectly that Marxism as it stands today is not a complete philosophical system, as claimed by its political proponents and used by them as the basis for dogmatic intellectual self-certainty. This oblique criticism of dialectical materialism is carried further by Professor Robert Havemann, another renowned East German scholar. In an article entitled "Conflict of Opinions Promotes the Sciences," published in a later issue of *Neues Deutschland*, he criticises those who try to deduce laws of biology and physics from dialectical materialism and thereby make a religion out of it. Among those whom he finds guilty of this form of dogmatism are the Soviet Agrobiologist Lyssenko, and Professor Viktor Stern, rector of the University of Halle in East Germany. Professor Havemann accuses the latter of setting himself up, like a papal inquisitor, to pass upon the philosophical orthodoxy of the theories of physics.

The ferment in East Germany is less vigorous than, for example, in Poland, because the German is a conservative and cautious individual, the communist no less than the Christian Democrat. No explosions are likely to occur in East Germany because the Germans are not volatile and incapable of spontaneous but sustained action. Their sufferings will have to be very severe indeed before they will rebel. The East German regime is meeting the discontent by means of a gradual and watchful relaxation in the severity of its rule. It is permitting the expression of critical views but only through approved channels. It has released some twenty thousand prisoners, many of them political convicts, mostly social democrats. The people have been promised a more careful observance of laws, especially those dealing with political offences (in a communist country all offences tend to take a political colour), and a revision and liberalisation of the laws. The East Germans may now travel more freely between Berlin and the rest of East Germany. The prices of many domestic articles and luxury goods have been lowered. But it is too early to tell how far these measures will actually ameliorate the living conditions of the common people.

There are two main hurdles in the way of liberalisation. The first is that a minority government cannot permit full liberty to the people at the risk of being overthrown. The East German regime must keep its machinery of repression in readiness for some years to come. Concomitant with this is the other hurdle, namely, a bureaucracy which is neither responsible nor responsive to the people. A perceptive observer described the East German officialdom as a group of carpet baggers who have no future except in the service of the present regime. But the people will not believe that the regime has adopted a new course until some of the top leaders and many of the officials are replaced. Changes in East Germany are necessary and unavoidable. The leaders know this, but also the dangers and risks that are involved.

There are many young people who would support the regime if it could win their respect. They are encouraged by the increasing freedom in Poland and the successes of Marshal Tito. The demand of the young East Germans for greater freedom must be satisfied or suppressed by force, but repression is becoming ineffective even in the communist world.

Events in Poland and Hungary have reacted upon the East Germans in opposite ways. The peaceful revolution in Poland seemed likely to provoke an echo in East Germany. When Gomulka announced his programme of national Communism, the days of ex-Stalinist Ulbricht seemed to be numbered. There was excitement among the people; university students held demonstrations and hopes ran high. But the uprising in Hungary provided the Communist leaders with a pretext to strike back. Ulbricht admonished his followers to learn from the events in Hungary, which showed that the alternative to the present Communist leadership was not reformed Communism but the restoration of capitalism and fascism. The East German leaders also took the opportunity to arrest a number of intellectuals including Wolfgang Harich, a young lecturer on philosophy at the East Berlin university. They were accused of being in touch with Hungarian intellectuals, especially the Marxist philosopher George Lukacs. Ulbricht was determined to nip any budding Gomulka or Nagy, but his persecution may yet create one. The impact of the Hungarian uprising is a paradoxical one. Its immediate effect is to confuse the situation and slow down political liberalisation. But the long-term effect is otherwise, for a new order in East Germany and the rest of Soviet-dominated Europe has now become unavoidable.

*Berlin.*

SURINDAR SURI

## A VISIT TO THULE

NOBODY knows just how many men are living in Thule, the northernmost American airbase and possibly the most northerly in the world. Estimates range between 5,000 and 9,000. This makes Thule at any rate the largest town of Greenland, for the population of Godthaab, seat of the Danish Governor, numbers only 2,000. 5,000-9,000 men, therefore, complete their military service on "the roof of the world" or work there as engineers, technicians and other experts for the American armed forces. They must leave their wives, girl-friends and families behind. Thule, unlike the more southerly Narsassuak, which even boasts its own school, is not a family base. The only females in Thule are the wife of the Danish liaison officer, who does, however, occupy a particularly fortunate position, and three American nurses. Statistically, therefore, there is one unmarried girl for every 2,000-3,000 men, whose thoughts are naturally concentrated on their wives and loved ones back home. This unique and not too enviable situation requires a great deal of tact and restraint. On top of everything else, the three young ladies are also young, pretty, and charming. In spite or perhaps because of this, they rarely leave their nurses quarters. The huge sign outside their home "Off limits to all male personnel" makes it look almost like a convent. Who are the three American girls who live through a brief summer in which the nights are bright as day, and a long, dark winter with temperatures down to 40° below zero? Ignoring the strict warning, I enter the nurses home through a heavy steel door. The rooms are comfortably, almost

elegantly furnished, and the pictures on the walls reveal the individual tastes of their inmates. There is a kitchen equipped with all modern electric gadgets, and, like throughout the base, there is hot and cold running water and showers. Visitors are received in four small, beautifully furnished drawing rooms.

The nurses entertain their male guest with warm hospitality. The head nurse, 1st Lieutenant Nora Petruzzi, blonde and vivacious, is of Italian descent, as her name indicates. Born in New York, she looks back on ten years' experience in her profession. For exactly half that time she has been serving the American forces. It was her mission to welcome prisoners and injured men returning from Korea and subsequently to escort them home in many cases. Desirous to travel, like so many Americans, Miss Petruzzi volunteered for service overseas. In the column "Country Preferred" she had entered "Germany." Instead, however, her assignment was for Thule, and she had to make a quick adjustment to the requirements of the Arctic. Lieutenant Marie Beauregard's ancestors came from France. Even in the vicinity of the North Pole her hair is short and well-groomed—the cutting being done by Miss Petruzzi—and she is a lover of music. Orphaned early in life and probably having been pushed around a bit, she looks upon nursing with its possibilities of aiding and comforting rather as an avocation. The sense of fulfilling a mission makes the hardships of Thule easier to bear.

The parents of 1st Lieutenant Lillian Herczeg immigrated to the United States from Hungary. They still speak Hungarian at home, and Miss Herczeg speaks it as fluently as English. Nor is she unfamiliar with Hungarian cooking. Every few days, when they get tired of the otherwise excellent canteen food, one of the nurses prepares a meal. With the approval of her colleagues, Miss Herczeg has introduced stuffed paprika, Gulyas, and other Magyar specialties. Her birthtown is Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Since her father, an artisan, could not afford to send her to a teachers' seminary, she decided upon a nursing career as the second best. She specialized on tuberculosis and has worked in North Carolina, Philadelphia and Texas. Like all idealists, she had no difficulty in gaining the confidence of her patients. Lillian Herczeg, too, had volunteered for overseas service without, however, ever thinking of Greenland. Today, her year almost completed, she states:—"If I had to start over again and had my free choice, I would decide on Thule." Apart from a healthy outlook on life, there is another factor involved which will be mentioned later. Sister Herczeg arrived in November. She landed at 3 a.m., not unhappy but quite confused. It was much darker than American and European nights usually are. A few electric lamps provided a ghostly illumination which made the tin-like aluminium buildings of this strange town stand out even more strangely. When she awoke around noon, the scene had not changed in any way. There was still no more light than that emanating from the lamps and the whiteness of the snow. There is a saying in Thule, "how lucky that God did not make the snow black." Miss Herczeg's colleagues began their work during the twilight period which is easier to bear. At the height of the summer, on the other hand, night ends completely. During this period of eternal day many of the men sleep badly and restlessly, but the three nurses were not bothered by this. On the contrary, they enjoyed going for walks at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and taking snapshots. They could not wish for better motives than those offered by Thule. Sometimes the place is practically surrounded by icebergs,

shimmering in all colours of the rainbow. Nowhere could they find more imposing rock formations, or picturesque glaciers, and the inland ice which is today being conquered by motorised sleighs—the so-called weasles—which sometimes form whole columns, like a railway train, also offers many attractive views. Thule is a proper Eldorado for eye and camera. The air is so thin that it is possible to span a distance of 20-25 miles with the naked eye in fine weather. Like everybody else, the nurses wear thickly lined slacks, parka jackets and high felt boots to protect themselves against the cold. While many of the men suffer from the darkness, it does not bother the nurses too much since they are used to working indoors.

The hospital with its seven doctors and dentists (built at a cost of 10 million dollars) comprises 50 beds but can be expanded to double this capacity. The nurses enjoy favourable working conditions with hyper-modern facilities. The air on Thule is cold but dry, and the state of health on the airbase is consequently good. Moreover, only the strongest and healthiest men are being sent to Thule. The most frequent casualties consist of sprained muscles and fractured bones, and an occasional appendicitis. The hospital possesses the technical facilities for all kinds of operations. Mental disorders, such as the so-called polar fit, are rare, much more so than in the areas with civilian population on Greenland and Lapland. At any rate, most of these symptoms are temporary. Like everywhere else, the nurses also act as teachers. Some patients are not sufficiently trained in hygienic matters. Above all, young men who have never before worked in a hospital have to be trained as nursing assistants within a few weeks. The responsibility rests with the nurse.

The nurses enjoy a comfort in their living conditions which no one would expect to find at the 76th degree latitude. They always look very neat and tidy because they possess an automatic washing machine as well as an electric iron. Home comforts are extremely important, however. When the howling gales reach phase 3, nobody is allowed to leave the house. An "internment" of this sort occurs several times a year and may last up to 48 hours. The airbase has its own radio and television station; there is an officers club to which the nurses belong by virtue of their rank and which arranges a number of functions every week, including a weekly "Bingo" evening, the popular American game. There are two big cinemas which occasionally show an interesting film. The library collection, too, is varied and comprehensive. Nora Petruzzi even manages to find there some of those books on psychology which she favours. Nevertheless, life in Thule has severe drawbacks, especially for young girls. Their illusions to establish those contacts with their environment which would be natural anywhere else are soon dispelled. For one thing, the nearest Eskimo settlement is 60 miles away and can only be reached by plane, since the Americans have no dog sleighs. Furthermore, permission for such a trip is hard to obtain. Eskimos are liable to catch any disease which would be perfectly harmless by American and European standards, and sometimes with disastrous consequences. For this reason they are being kept as isolated as possible. Finally, however, two of the nurses succeeded in visiting the Eskimo village where they were even received by the late "King" Odak who accompanied Rasmussen and Admiral Peary on their expeditions. His appearance was striking and truly majestic, as Miss Herczeg tells me—despite the primitive conditions and the difficulties of communication. Among the things the nurses have to do without are restaurants, cafés,

window-shopping and hairdressing salons. The PX store offers a variety of goods, including Swiss watches and German cameras, but no ladies' dresses and shoes or cosmetics. Female companionship is restricted to the charming wife of the Danish Liaison officer who speaks fluent English and meets the nurses almost daily. Whenever a woman stationed on another base passes through Thule, it is a day of joy for its female inhabitants.

Apart from some genuine indoor palm trees, the only trees, shrubs and other greenery are to be found in the pictures of the officers club. Some flowers are in bloom during a few short weeks, and an occasional bird call may be heard at the height of the summer. The only reliable sound comes from the cuckoo clock in the nurses' home, even during the hardest and longest winter. The telephone directory does not list the number of the nurses home, which is kept secret. The three girls hardly ever go to a dance, and only occasionally arrange one for their closest friends—a few carefully selected, very tactful officers. For shopping trips and visits within the base they have a car at their disposal. The position of these girls is so unique that they can never behave freely and without restraint, and that they must subject their personalities to constant, rigorous self-discipline. It certainly takes character to maintain a natural attitude in the face of thousands of admiring glances, not to become arrogant or to take any of the open or oblique declarations of love too seriously. Harmless flirts, usually the favourite party game among young Americans, are scorned altogether. In the atmosphere of a men's town they might be dynamite. After all, as one of the nurses expressed herself, if you bar sweets you don't tempt the child with a piece of chocolate. This, at all events, is the policy. In actual fact, romance flowers even on Thule. A few weeks ago, Lillian Herczeg got engaged to John, a First Lieutenant from the Jet Fighters. Meanwhile he has been transferred back to the U.S. After a couple of months he will be joined by his fiancée, and they plan a honeymoon trip through at least ten states of America.

A. J. FISCHER

### DR. JOHNSON AND LAW'S "SERIOUS CALL"

IN the early pages of his *Life of Johnson* Boswell refers to the Doctor's advent at Pembroke College, Oxford and to some of the books he read there. One of these appears to have made a deep if imperceptible impression on him but one which left a sure foundation of faith. This was William Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*. Boswell records Johnson as saying, "When at Oxford I took up Wm. Law's *Serious Call*, expecting to find it a dull book, as such books generally are, and perhaps to laugh at it. But I found Law quite an overmatch for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion after I became capable of rational enquiry." Boswell continues, "From this time forward religion was the predominant object of his thoughts, though, with the just sentiments of a conscientious Christian, he lamented that his practice of its duties fell far short of what it ought to be." The Doctor's published prayers are a vindication of this confession. The seed thus sown by Law at that time bore fruit a hundredfold in the years to be. For Johnson was in reality a religious man all through life.

Two contemporary verdicts on Law's work are worth recording. Mrs.



Thrale says, "What a fine book is Law's *Serious Call* written with such force of thinking, such purity of style and such penetration into human nature." Gibbon in his *Memoirs* refers to Law. "Mr. Law's master work," he says, "the *Serious Call*, is still read as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the gospel; his satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life." A modern assessment of the book is to be found in the *Cambridge History of English Literature*. "A book of extraordinary power," it says, "persuasive style, racy wit, and unanswerable logic. Few books in English have exerted such a wide influence." It is certainly questionable how many in these days ever think of reading, let alone "dipping into" Law's study in divinity. Few would be found to follow in practice the author's strictly narrow evangelical instruction. It is a counsel of perfection most difficult of attainment in any age. From the beginning Law informs his readers of the difficult path they have to take to arrive at the goal of a perfect life. He says, "Devotion signifies a life given, or devoted to God. He, therefore, is the devout man . . . who makes all the parts of his common life parts of piety, by doing everything in the name of God. . . . You perhaps will say, that all people fall short of the perfection of the Gospel, and therefore you are content with your failings. But this is saying nothing to the purpose. For the question is not whether Gospel perfection can be fully attained, but whether you come as near it as a sincere intention and careful diligence can carry you."

Law invents descriptive names for his character studies. Johnson would seem to have followed his example in some of the *Ramblers*. Penitens the busy, notable tradesman, very prosperous in his dealings; Lepidus who died as he was dressing himself for a feast; Calidus who has traded above thirty years, constantly increasing his trade and his fortune . . . He will tell you with great gravity, that it is a dangerous thing for a man that has been used to get money, ever to leave it off. One of the more interesting character studies is named Paternus. This is said to be a portrait of Law's father. It is a picture of an evangelical Polonius, full of wise counsel to his young son. He tells the boy, "I am teaching you Latin and Greek, not that you should desire to be a great critic, a fine poet, or an eloquent orator . . . but I teach you these languages, that at proper times you may look into the history of past ages, and learn the methods of God's providence over the world. . . . Let truth and plainness therefore be the only ornament of your language, and study nothing but how to think of all things as they deserve, to choose everything that is best, to live according to reason and order . . . . Study how to fill your heart full of the love of God and the love of your neighbour, and then be content to be no deeper a scholar, no finer a gentleman, than these tempers will make you. As true religion is nothing else but simple nature governed by right reason, so it loves and requires great plainness and simplicity of life . . . . Love humility in all its instances; practice it in all its parts, for it is the noblest state of the soul of man. Remember that there is but one man in the world, with whom you are to have perpetual contention, and be always striving to exceed him, and that is yourself."

The author of this great work, William Law, was the son of a grocer born at King's Cliffe near Stamford, in 1686. He died in 1761. He entered Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in 1705 and was ordained and elected a Fellow of his College in 1711. Here he studied the classics and acquired some mathematical

and philosophical knowledge. In 1726 he made an unsparing attack on the stage. As this was the period of the Restoration drama this criticism was well merited. In the same year his tract on "Christian Perfection" was published. In 1727 he entered the family of Edward Gibbon, father of the famous historian. He acted as tutor to the latter who is said to be identified as Flatus in the *Serious Call*. This can hardly be said to be a serious comparison or sketch when the historian Gibbon's known early life is borne in mind. Law was a Jacobite and retained his sympathy for the exiled dynasty. This would appeal to Johnson who had leanings that way and was a keen Tory. Law loved music, was fond of dumb animals and was a lover of children. In his *Autobiography* Gibbon has this to say of his tutor, "Mr. Law has left in our family the reputation of a pious and austere clergyman, who believed all that he professed, and who practiced all that he enjoyed. I can pronounce with more confidence on his writings than on his person . . . His argument is specious, his wit is lively, his style forcible . . . his maxims are rigid, but his eloquence is powerful, and if he finds in the reader's breast a spark of devotion, he will soon kindle it to a flame." Gibbon had a collection of Law's writings in his library and amongst these was a presentation copy of the *Serious Call*. Gibbon's two aunts, Catherine and Hester, are amongst Law's character studies, the first as the profane Flavia and the other as the holy Miranda. The latter is held up by the author as an example of all the Christian virtues. Law eventually made his home with Hester Gibbon and died under her roof.

W. H. GRAHAM

### PORTRAITS AND PRICES

IN explaining the immense popularity enjoyed by John Singer Sargent amongst the moneyed classes of the Edwardian era, Sir Osbert Sitwell says, in the first volume of his autobiography, "They loved him, I think, because, with all his merits he showed them to be rich; looking at his portraits, they understand, at last, how rich they really are." Although he is represented in the current exhibition of English portraiture at the Royal Academy by a painting of Miss Joyce Grenfell's grandmother, which exemplifies his qualities as an artist rather than as a purveyor of conspicuous expenditure, there can be little doubt that Sir Osbert's explanation of his success is largely a true one. The art of portraiture is, in fact, more closely linked with the social structure and the economic pattern of an age, than is any other form of art. Portraits have always been used for both political and social propaganda. The fact that artists such as Simon Elwes, Pietro Annigoni and James Gunn can command incomes over the £10,000 a year mark, suggests that the prestige function of the portrait painter has not been seriously impaired by the advent of the camera.

The English, and it may well be that this is yet another manifestation of their acute social sensibility, have always been especially partial to the portrait painter, lavishing on him knighthoods and commissions and thereby arousing, to no inconsiderable degree, the anger of men such as Hogarth and Haydon, who felt in some obscure way that the close link between artist and patron which exists in the production of a portrait is vaguely debasing and rationalised this feeling by assigning to portraiture a position inferior to "history painting" in the categories of art.

The precise reasons for this passion for portraiture are hard to define and there must throughout history have been many who felt as Pepys did, "He (i.e. John Hales, the artist) persuaded me to have Cooper (i.e. Samuel Cooper, 1609-1672) draw my wife's picture, which, though it cost me £30, yet will I have it done." Some importance, however, must be given to the fact that in commissioning a portrait a client enters the rather mysterious world of art by its most clearly defined door. He knows what he wants, he knows what standards of excellence to expect, and above all, he knows, by reference to his mirror, when he has got value for money. Although, as Mr. Sutherland's portrait of Sir Winston proved, there may be occasional exceptions, the art of taking a likeness has still more to do with business than with aesthetic imponderables, and the famous Duke of Bridgewater, who, at the end of the eighteenth century, seeing a portrait by Van Dyck banged the table and said, "You must take me to that damned chap tomorrow," might have been less forthright in his judgments, had he been confronted with one of that artist's mythological subjects.

Our recent tendency to attribute high monetary values to works of art because of their "beauty" is a fairly recent development in human history, and it is only by reference to the fluctuations of portrait prices that we can get a tolerably clear idea of the part occupied by art in the economic pattern of post-Renaissance history. The demand for portraits, although probably weaker now than at any time in English history, has been fairly consistent. In the days before the invention of the camera, it was used to perpetuate the memory of the dead, to add prestige to the social status of the living, and even for those more complex reasons which today are lumped under the heading of publicity. The more ambitious courtesans of eighteenth-century London frequently called upon the talents of Romney, Hoppner or even Reynolds to broadcast their charms, and the persistence of the Royal image on coins and stamps testifies to the use of portraiture as an instrument of state. In late medieval and Tudor times there was in London a virtual factory for the production of royal effigies for dispatch to foreign parts and to eminent leaders of public opinion, and many of Holbein's portraits were drawn on oiled paper to facilitate reproduction.

The responsibility for work of this kind was entrusted to the Sergeant Painter and on July 5th, 1581 Queen Elizabeth I issued a patent granting to George Gower for the "exercise and occupation of the aforesaid office" ten pounds yearly and the proceeds of all taxes levied on incoming and outgoing traffic at the Port of London twice a year, on the feasts of St. Michael and of the Annunciation. (From Chancery Patent Rolls 23 Eliz. Part II (C66/1208) quoted in *The Burlington Magazine*, Sept., 1948.) This probably added up to a considerable sum, though it is worth noting that the greatest Elizabethan portraitist, Nicholas Hilliard, though he had been granted an annuity of £40 a year, was still compelled to seek permission from Cecil to depart the kingdom "by reason of some debts which I owe" (MS. at Hatfield House, quoted in *Nicholas Hilliard and Isaac Oliver*, V. & A. Handbook, 1947.) If the money allotted to Hilliard for his services as a royal portrait painter was inadequate in the sixteenth century, Sir Thomas Lawrence found two hundred years later that the three hundred pounds which he received for painting a portrait of the King to be sent to the Emperor of China was entirely inadequate. Thanks to a purely political move of the opposition the stipend

attached to the office of Sergeant Painter had been reduced, on a motion by Burke, from £250 a year to £50 and was supplemented from the privy purse.

Even by the end of the seventeenth century the office of Sergeant Painter had become an anachronism, a survival of the days when the artist was considered a craftsman rather than a "professional." In any case Lawrence had nothing to complain about. Acting on the suggestion of an unbalanced poetess, Lady Anne Barnard, the Prince Regent commissioned from him that series of paintings which now adorn the Waterloo Chamber and it was said that in the year (1815) he made more than £20,000 (Redgraves. *A Century of British Painters*, London, 1947, p.225). Indeed Lawrence more than any other individual was responsible for forcing up the price of portraits to the level which they reached in the latter half of the nineteenth century when Millais confessed, somewhat tetchily to the Prince of Wales, that had he not devoted so much of his time in the past year to deer stalking in Scotland he would have been able to have made more than the £35,000 which in fact he did make (Gaunt W., *The Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy*, 1942, p.185). Thanks to Lawrence's indefatigable *éminence grise* Joseph Farington we can follow the pattern of his prices with some detail (cf. *The Farington Diary*, 8 vols, London, 1922—28 passim). When first he came to London at the age of 16 in 1785, he was charging the quite considerable price of 5 gns. for a head in crayons, and for his first royal commission in 1789 he received 60 guineas for a portrait of the Queen and seventeen for one of Princess Amelia. For the work which first brought him fame, the portrait of Miss Farren, the protégée of the Earl of Derby, he at first asked 60 guineas but subsequently raised this to 100 guineas. The work which is now in America was sold to J. Pierpont Morgan in 1911 for 40,000 guineas. Once established Lawrence maintained the upward curve of his prices with biennial regularity.

	<i>Three-quarters</i>	<i>Half</i>	<i>Whole length</i>
1802 ... ..	30 gns.	60 gns.	120 gns.
1804 ... ..	35 "	70 "	140 "
1806 ... ..	50 "	100 "	200 "
1808 ... ..	80 "	160 "	320 "
1810 ... ..	100 "	200 "	400 "

By the time of his death he was receiving £210 for a three-quarter (i.e. a bust size); £420 for a half-length (a bishop half-length, however, cost £525) and for a full-length £735-£1,000. Often, for the fact that Lawrence was always in parlous financial straits was widely known, the client paid more than the artist demanded. Lord F. E. Gower, for instance, gave him fifteen hundred guineas for a portrait of his wife and child, though the pretext for this was probably the custom, dying out at that time, of charging for a portrait according to the number of figures in it. Since the seventeenth century at least it had been the custom for a portrait painter to receive half of his fee on commencing the work and this was one of the main reasons why Lawrence was always in difficulties, for to keep up with his expenditure he kept undertaking commissions, receiving the initial payment, and not finishing them.

It was easier for an artist to arrive at a scale of charges in the eighteenth

century, when the profession was less coy about money matters, than it is today, and on May 20th, 1796, Lawrence and Farington had a very interesting discussion, "We had much talk about him lowering his prices in consequence of Hoppner particularly, continuing to paint three-quarter portraits for 25gns. He said he had decided to reduce his to Beechey's prices, viz. 30 guineas for three-quarter, etc. The statement which had been made in *The Telegraph* of the prices of him and Hoppner and Beechey is a good plea. As he does not pretend to claim superiority, if Hoppner will not raise his prices in proportion to the expenses of the time, he will not give him such a material difference." In 1785 Hoppner had been charging only eight guineas for a head, and having a family to provide for, this allowed him little comfort; in fact his wife had had to supplement their income by dressmaking. By 1795, however, so he told Farington, he was making £3,000 a year.

Some indication of the rugged economic attitude towards art, as well as of the general background of prices charged for portraits by comparatively minor artists, may be deduced from an advertisement which John Hazlitt, the writer's brother, inserted in *The Courier* in 1815 advising the public that he was in residence at 109 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury where his works could be seen, that "those ladies and gentlemen who may purpose honouring him with their commands may depend on the utmost dispatch compatible with their likeness," and that his prices were 12 gns. for a three-quarter, 30 gns. for a half-length and 50 for a whole-length. This was roughly a tenth of the prices Lawrence was charging at the same time and this proportion seems to divide the successful portraitist from his less successful brethren throughout two centuries. A little more than a hundred years before this Colonel Walpole, father of the later Prime Minister, had been indulging in a little portrait buying and having spent £6 14s. 6d. on a likeness of his wife lashed out for a painting of himself by Mrs. Beale, who lived in fashionable Covent Garden and charged £5 for a head and £10 for a full-length (cf. J. Plumb in *Studies in Social History Presented to G. M. Trevelyan*). By birth a Suffolk girl, Mrs. Beale had a husband who recorded her earnings with the avaricious affection of an accountant. In 1672 he noted "Received this year for pictures done by My Dearest Heart £202 5s." In 1674 the total was £216 5s. and in 1681 £209 17s., a remarkably consistent level. Mrs. Beale's clientele was drawn from the middle classes and at this time her preceptor, Sir Peter Lely, was charging £20 for a head, £30 for a half-length and £60 for a full-length, drawing his patrons mostly from the upper classes. In the previous century Gower in 1573 had sent in his bill to the Willoughby family and according to the household accounts was paid as follows: "For the pycture of my Mr. xs. For the pycture of my Mrs. xxs." Some idea of the relative smallness of these sums can be deduced from the fact that in the following month the carrier was paid "xs." for the transport of the pictures and "the vergenalles." (Hist. MSS., Comm. *Papers of Lord Middleton*, pp. 432 and 434.) Whatever the changing value of money it is obvious, therefore, that the artist's fees increased during those years when the professions were assuming a growing importance in the social structure.

When Hogarth received £200 for his portrait of Garrick in the middle of the eighteenth century, it was reputed to be a record price for a portrait by a British artist. Foreign painters who came to this country were often paid at a higher rate, though the fact that the international exchange was usually in our

favour meant that those who commissioned portraits on the Grand Tour usually benefited from the fact. Amongst the Earl of Leicester's manuscripts at Holkham there is a detailed account book kept by the Steward of Edward Coke on a visit to France, Germany and Italy between 1713 and 1716. On August 17th, 1714, he paid 217 livres for a portrait by the Venetian artist Rosalba, who at this time was enjoying a European reputation. On the same day, scarlet cloth for a cloak cost 272 livres, and as Williams and Smith the English bankers in Venice were then paying 2,208 livres for £100 (noted in December, 1713) the portrait must be considered cheap by any standard. To rising prices, as much as to the efforts of the Royal Academy, must be attributed, therefore, the improved social status of the artistic profession. The coach of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which so impressed his contemporaries, must be regarded as a symptom, rather than as a cause. This is indeed hinted at by the immense care which he lavished on his Notebooks, in which he recorded both sittings and payments.

One of the problems which occurs in any consideration of the cost of portraits is, of course, the difficulty of determining their "objective" value. To the sitter and his family a portrait has a value different from that which it has to an outsider, and when Sir Henry Raeburn was in London in 1810 he had the mortification of seeing one of his portraits sold at £2 12s. 6d. a figure which bore no relation to the fee which he had originally charged. The activities of Napoleon had made this a very bad year for selling any works of art and a portrait by Gainsborough changed hands at £1—an all-time low. A more reliable test of their relative value is afforded by a valuation for insurance of certain paintings belonging to the Duke of Rutland, recorded in the history of Belvoir by Irwin Eller carried out in 1816 (cf. *Art in England 1800-1820*. William T. Whitley, Cambridge, 1928, p.264). These included 14 portraits by Reynolds for which the original prices had varied from 30 to 200 guineas. Those of the family were reduced in the valuation by about half with the exception of the famous portrait of the Marquis of Granby with a husar and horse, which was raised from the original 200 gns. to 300. The portrait of that well-known lady-about-town, Kitty Fisher was raised from fifty to a hundred guineas and Sir Joshua's own self-portrait from thirty to a hundred. The valuation was carried out by John Rising who was intimately acquainted with the art market.

On the delicate subject of replicas—copies of portraits made in the artist's own lifetime and sometimes under his own direction—there is a fair amount of information available. This was a task often entrusted to pupils as part of their training, or, in the case of more important works, farmed out to other artists. Mrs. Beale had been a copyist for Lely and many better-known artists commenced their career in such, to us, humiliating tasks. The demand for replicas depended not only on the success of the artist but on the fame of his subject. This was especially obvious towards the end of the eighteenth century when international affairs thrust into sharp relief the comparatively unpublicised figure of the Younger Pitt. Although he had refused to sit to that lively Epstein *de ses jours* Joseph Nollekens, as soon as he was dead the sculptor executed a bust from a death mask, and, according to J. T. Smith (*Nollekens and His Times*, Turnstile Press, p. 231 *et seq.*) produced 74 replicas at 120 gns. each and 600 plaster casts at 6 gns. each. In all the death of that eminent statesman produced some £15,000 for Nolly. Painters made an



equally profitable thing out of it. Hoppner employed Reinagle to paint 17 copies of his portrait of Pitt, for which he paid him 20 gns. each, reselling them for 120 gns. each. Gainsborough's portrait of George III, described by *The Morning Post* as "the most correct and graceful picture of him ever given," was often reproduced with a number of slight variations, mainly by the artist's nephew, Gainsborough Dupont and by T. Stewart. Although, in theory, it would seem that an artist can charge for a portrait whatever he has the courage to do so, a rough justice has established for each generation, a kind of "common law" scale of fees determined by the interaction of changes not only in the overall economic pattern of the times but in that greater complex which we call social history and in which taste, psychology and even politics play a part.

BERNARD DENVIR

## EARLY SCHOLARS

*The crystal spate of the missel thrush  
Rides over rain and sleet and slush,  
And matching him in scorn of odds,  
Up bob gold-headed aconites  
And the white coifs of crocuses  
Immaculate from miry clods.*

*Alien from us, we know, they are  
In origins and destinies,  
As alien as the northern lights  
As distant as an arctic star  
From us and the bird, as we from him.  
And yet we cannot help the whim  
Of reading in them sympathies,  
Of likening them to little scholars  
Arriving clean and keen and early  
For Spring's first day of term; to curly  
Gold-headed lads in Holbein collars,  
Young Spensers and young Thomas Mores,  
Lady Jane Greys, whose girlish dimples  
Peep from the whiteness of their wimples,  
Impatient for the unbolted doors,  
And the New Learning's bright expanse  
As yet unshadowed by mischance.*

GEOFFREY JOHNSON



## LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

### THE BOMB AND POLITICS

People say that it is wrong to talk about national characteristics; but one of the strongest impressions gained by a reading of these two books is that Dr. Compton's work could have been written only by an American, and Professor Blackett's only by a Briton. The environment described in Dr. Compton's book is characteristic. There are the vast resources devoted to the manufacture of the first atomic bomb; there is the scientific team-work; the general sense of unlimited resources; the comfort and ease which were part of the process by which the bomb was produced in time to beat easily the projects being handled by the Germans who eventually took to developing atomic power for driving ships. The almighty dollar—a term used without any disrespect—was at work, and it delivered the goods, if that is the right expression. Nothing could show more clearly the way in which success goes to the big battalions.

But what matters in this work is not so much the material achievement as the ethical struggle in Dr. Compton's mind and in the minds of his colleagues which it depicts. When the power of the atomic bomb became known, and the likelihood that it would be used, numbers of scientists petitioned against it. President Truman, a politician and not a scientist, was assailed by no questionings. His decision to use the bomb was based on the belief in its expediency, and of course it is perfectly arguable that in terms of lives saved on balance, the bomb was a more humane weapon than the fire-raids the Americans were employing in the war against Japan. Dr. Compton appears to have been reassured eventually by the belief that the decision to drop the bomb was reached after consultation between the President and Mr. Churchill, and after a request to surrender had been rejected by the Japanese. There is some irony in the thought that, if Professor Blackett was right, the Japanese were in fact ready to surrender before the bombs were dropped. The last word lies with Mr. Stimson: "The face of war is the face of death; death is an inevitable part of every order a war-time leader gives."

The ethical calculus which lay at the bottom of the President's decision and was accepted by Dr. Compton plays no such part in Professor Blackett's thought. His approach is essentially political. This remains true despite the fact that a large part of his book is given to the military implications of atomic warfare. The chief impression produced by these sections is that it is impossible to get a firm basis, simply because there are too many unknowns to allow a useful equation to be set up. That part of these lectures (the Leese-Knowles Lectures on Military Science—they were delivered in the Spring of 1956) which really matters is the political part—and here the approach must discard scientific exactitude (and rigidity) and adopt commonsense as its chosen instrument.

The resultant study is of the greatest interest. It brings out once again the old principle that war and matters connected with war are too serious to be left to the generals, with the implicit rider that a statesman is always better for not interesting himself overmuch in the technique of arms. Sir Winston Churchill does not do too well by this test. His insistence in the earlier years after the war that the sole salvation of the West lay in the possession of the atomic bomb disintegrates under Professor Blackett's analysis, who points to the fact that Russia was exhausted and had everything to lose by war as proof that the Russian Government would have been exceedingly foolish to attempt aggression against the western Powers. That phase of the post-war period is worth recalling because it shows how, under the influence of fear, the instinct to eliminate the fear-inspiring object becomes irrational and

dominant. In such an environment the belief in incantations too flourishes, for this is what the Baruch Plan was—when “international ownership and inspection was retained and there was added the concept of ‘instant and condign punishment’ for any transgression of the control arrangements, to be voted by a vetoless Security Council, in which Russia was bound to be in a minority.” No wonder that an apocryphal general said: “Now we have made it so stiff that even the Russians won’t be fool enough to fall for it.”

W. H. JOHNSTON

*Atomic Quest.* By A. H. Compton. Oxford University Press. 30s.

*Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations.* By P. M. S. Blackett. Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.

### THE GERMAN SCENE

Edmond Vermeil is held in high esteem in this country as one of the foremost French experts on Germany. Unfortunately his last book does little to justify this position. To a large degree this disappointment is due to the fact that Professor Vermeil’s work—dealing with the period from 1890 to the present day—consists of two volumes in the original, but has been abridged by the author himself in order to restrict the English edition to one volume. This has greatly reduced the value of his study. Professor Vermeil has summarised the contents of the first volume of the original into one chapter of the English edition and in doing this has upset the balance of the work. Moreover he must have carried out his task in a hurry, otherwise an expert of his rank would never have written a passage like the following: “When World War I broke out the Bismarckian Empire had been in existence only a century. Its history had been written between 1815 and 1914. . . .” Does the author really believe that the time of the German Confederation (*des deutschen Bundes*) could be in the slightest way considered even a forerunner of the second Reich? To speak of a Bismarckian Empire before 1866 is misleading; the whole revolution of 1848—though abortive, nevertheless important for German history—is hardly even mentioned. The omission of a systematic exposition of Pan Germanism is still more serious. It is touched on frequently, but we do not get a clear outline. The name of Bernhardt is not even mentioned, nor is that of Treitschke. Nor, when dealing with German industrialisation, does the author show that the balance between heavy and light industries had been upset during Bismarck’s era by the hasty return to protection. Professor Vermeil speaks of the great industrialisation under the Kaiser. This development took place, certainly, yet it was not industrialisation itself which was dangerous, as he asserts, but the predominance of the heavy industries which made armaments a necessity unless crisis was to be permanent.

One of the most disappointing factors, beyond the control of the author, is that the translation has shortcomings. The German trade unions are consistently referred to as syndicates. Is the translator really not aware that the French word “syndicat” means “trade union” in English? He confuses Friedrich Naumann, a pre-1914 Liberal, with Friedrich Neumann, a writer on National Socialism, separated in age by several decades. Omissions and poor translation can be excused, but not the two basic failures of the book. In the first place Professor Vermeil who has himself read and digested an enormous number of books on Germany pre-supposes too much knowledge on the part of his readers. His references are frequently too brief, too fragmentary to be fully comprehensible to any but a person of equal standard. The book is understandable only to the expert on Germany, and not always to him. Secondly Professor Vermeil tries to encompass too much within 280-odd pages. He deals with history, politics, social life, economic conditions, even partly literature and philosophy. It is technically impossible to deal adequately with the problems raised; these are frequently only lightly touched upon and leave an impression of superficiality which, one feels sure, is the last thing intended by the author. A curiously unsatisfactory book; whether one agrees or disagrees with its conclusions, it remains irritating and it seems a pity that the

enormous amount of learning and work which has gone into it should not have been better presented.

RICHARD BARKELEY

*The German Scene.* By Edmond Vermeil. Harrap. 25s.

### SOLDIER, LOVER, DIPLOMAT

Recently we welcomed a translation of an excellent French biography of Princesse Mathilde, and now we receive an equally good translation of a no less interesting life of Flahaut. The two books cover a good deal of the same ground, the former dealing mainly with the Second Empire, the latter mainly with the First. Both are dominated by the mighty Emperor and by the Bonaparte clan which lived for two generations on the glamour of his name. Neither of the two figures can be said to have made history, but they stood close to the heart of events and saw a good deal of history in the making.

Morals in the upper classes of eighteenth century France were notoriously loose. Since marriages were arranged and divorce was forbidden, fidelity was hardly to be expected. An accident in childhood resulting in permanent lameness sent Talleyrand into the Church instead of the army, but the conduct of the Bishop of Autun was no stricter than that of Cardinal de Retz. Among his liaisons was one with the wife of the Comte de Flahaut, who presented him with a son in 1785. Talleyrand, like Napoleon, never loved anybody but himself, and took little interest in the precocious lad. His mother, on the other hand, whose husband was guillotined in 1794, did her best for him, writing novels to earn money and eventually marrying a rich Portuguese diplomat named de Souza. Her acquaintance with Josephine opened the way into the army for her son at the age of fifteen. His rise was rapid, and for the next fifteen years he was successively aide-de-camp to Murat, the greatest cavalry leader of the age, to Berthier, the Emperor's Chief of Staff, and finally to Napoleon himself, distinguishing himself in the Austrian, Prussian and Russian campaigns and being badly wounded nine times. Napoleon grew to realise his ability and entrusted him with various diplomatic missions. He went to meet the Emperor after his escape from Elba, accompanied him on his triumphant return to the Tuileries, rode away from the stricken field of Waterloo at his side, and was embraced when his old master drove from Malmaison to the coast to surrender to the English. His military career, the most eventful chapter of his long life, was over at the age of thirty. He emerged as a General, a Count, and an experienced diplomatist, equally at home at the front, in the Council Chamber and in the salons of Paris. The remaining fifty-five years were something of an anti-climax.

Flahaut inherited a fair portion of his father's brains and possessed a far better heart. While one of the cleverest men of his time or of any time was too cynical, sarcastic and avaricious to arouse affection or sympathy, his son was the friend of everybody, with something almost feminine in his disposition, and he constantly succumbed to pretty women. Though a man with his distinguished military career could not be dismissed as a mere playboy, he was a born charmer and began his conquests as soon as adolescence permitted. Among the earliest was Caroline, wife of Murat, King of Naples, perhaps the loosest of the Emperor's disagreeable sisters. A far deeper and more lasting sentiment bound him to Hortense, daughter of Josephine, the unhappy wife of the Emperor's pathological brother Louis, King of Holland, who could not give her the love she craved since he had none to give to anyone. The liaison only began when she and her husband had parted for ever, and the birth of their son, afterwards the celebrated Duc de Morny, was kept a secret as far as was possible when the mother was an ornament of the Court. Though Flahaut wished for marriage if a divorce could be arranged, Hortense declined, for she had learned to know him too well. "His heart was faithful enough," declares the kindly and understanding author, "but his flesh was weak. He charmed almost in spite of himself. It was too much to demand exclusive love and absolute faithful-

ness from a man so young and so much sought after." French biographers are usually more indulgent to the sins of the flesh than their opposite numbers in England, and Flahaut is partly excused on the grounds that he was "slightly lacking in character, not a strong man." Hortense was less lenient, and when she opened letters revealing a liaison with Mlle. Mars, the leading actress in the days of the Empire and a flame of the Emperor himself, she reproached him and the romance gradually cooled off.

After the collapse of the Empire, when there seemed little future for such a prominent Bonapartist, Flahaut migrated to England, found a ready welcome from the Whig aristocracy, and in 1817 married Margaret Mercer, daughter of Viscount Keith, a Scottish Admiral, herself the bosom friend of the short-lived Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent. Though there was attraction rather than affection to start with, the marriage proved a success. Since Hortense had never revealed her secret by taking their son into her household, Flahaut's wife was broad-minded enough not only to receive him as a young man of eighteen but to take him to her heart. The fifteen years between Waterloo and the Revolution of 1830 were politically speaking a dull time, but plenty of delightful society was available and Flahaut was too unambitious to fret at unemployment. The accession of Louis Philippe seemed to open up the chance of public service, but his hope—and that of his wife—to succeed his father at the French Embassy in London received no encouragement from Talleyrand who, though an octogenarian, stuck tenaciously to his post. A partial solution was found in his nomination in 1841 to Vienna where his social gifts found full play till the revolution of 1848 drove both Metternich and Louis Philippe into exile.

When Louis Napoleon returned to France first as a private member of the National Assembly, then as its elected President and three years later as dictator, Flahaut was in the middle sixties and had lost his old zest for life. Though on friendly terms with the nephew of his old master, he was never an intimate and indeed never much of an admirer. There had been no contact between the two men except an occasional meeting in London drawing-rooms. Though he greeted the Second Empire without enthusiasm, he accepted nomination as a Senator and became Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, succeeded Persigny in 1854 as President of the Corps Législatif, and in 1860 realised his old dream of the London Embassy. But he was now seventy-five and two years later he resigned.

Though his role in the Second Empire was that of an onlooker rather than an actor, Flahaut learned what was going on behind the scenes from Morny, for a time the right-hand man of his half-brother. He was one of the few in the secret and on the spot when his son as Minister of the Interior carried through the fateful *coup* of December 2, 1851. During the Second Empire Flahaut visited Paris every year for the opening of the session but did not stay long. Though he disapproved the Italian campaign and the Mexican adventure he indulged in no public criticism, and except for the two years at the London Embassy played no part in shaping the fortunes of the regime. The last photo, showing a mild old gentleman in a tall hat, makes it something of an effort to recall that he had shared the headlong cavalry charges of Murat and had won the heart of Queen Hortense. He died at the age of eighty-five on the day before the battle of Sedan, living just long enough to know that the Second Empire was doomed.

The book closes with a penetrating analysis of a man whom it is impossible to dislike and equally impossible wholly to respect. "He was kind by nature. All his faults and disloyalties came from heedlessness and lack of character, never from malice. Weakness and flightiness were the main defects of an otherwise honourable and generous nature, though inevitably there was a streak of selfishness in a man who had been so much spoiled and courted. His flightiness made him as fickle in love as he was true in friendship. He was transparently honest and he died with an unblemished reputation. He was never grasping or greedy for money." His



biographer has wisely resisted any temptation to hold him up as a hero of romance or to exaggerate his importance, but the intrinsic interest of his career holds our attention till the end of this well told tale.

G. P. GOOCH

*Son of Talleyrand. The Life of Comte Charles de Flahaut 1785-1870.* By Françoise de Bernardy. Translated by Lucy Norton. Collins. 18s.

### MRS. GLADSTONE

In her Foreword to this very interesting book Mrs. Battiscombe reflects on the neglect of biographers to portray the careers of women who were eminent as wives, but the obstacle to such studies is often the dearth of documentary material. This does not apply to the life of Mrs. Gladstone, with the happy result that this vivid portrait of a great personality has been made possible. Although her father died while she was young, Catherine Glynne's childhood was as happy as lovely surroundings and the ideal relationship existing within the family circle could make it; and the author shows how prophetic this was of the love that made her later relations with her husband and her numerous connections by marriage even happier still. Abounding in vitality and wit, and as busy in her sphere as wife, mother and social worker as Gladstone in his as statesman and scholar, the varied fullness of their lives gave an ever-deepening intensity to their mutual devotion and trust.

The spiritual urge for social service felt by men and women of wealth and position in the nineteenth century and its practical expression has not yet found its historian; but when the story is told, the work of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone will have an honoured place, misunderstood as it sometimes was by contemporaries. Even in this sympathetic biography criticism is not withheld. "It was her duty to see that her charitable concerns did not interfere with her social obligations," and "she would have been a better wife to William and a greater help to him in his career had she given less of her energy to good works, and more to the business of entertaining and being entertained." But is not this too sweeping a judgement, and who is in a position to weigh the ultimate value of these labours of love against the problematic good she failed to achieve? Would Gladstone's great career have been materially altered for the better by entertaining "dull parties, dull people, and especially dull politicians?" Such a political hostess would not have been the Mrs. Gladstone who typified the deep stirrings of the conscience of the wealthy few at the sufferings of the underprivileged many.

Some misgivings arise at the fresh currency given to trivialities about Mrs. Gladstone's alleged eccentricities. Since the attendant circumstances are no longer ascertainable, incidents that may have stemmed from her sense of humour and that were never intended to be taken seriously or recorded out of context for posterity can only be accepted with reserve. But one story cannot pass unchallenged. In the light of the family's denial that she used to pass notes demanding that Gladstone must not be contradicted, and Morley's testimony that she specially thanked him for not letting him have all his own way in discussion, evidence to the contrary must be carefully weighed, even though the witness cited is Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds. But the quotation from his letter, written in 1949 at the age of eighty-eight, recalling a dinner incident at the house of Arthur Mills, M.P. in 1889—sixty years earlier—does not disclose that he wrote as a hostile critic, avowing his aversion to all politicians, nor that the only Mills, M.P. in 1889 was Charles Mills, conservative member for Sevenoaks. Arthur Mills was the secretary of Grillions. This lapse of memory may have been a detail, though it reflects on Sir James's accuracy, but his assertion that he (at the age of twenty-eight, on the strength of three years spent in China as a junior officer) knew more about the opium question than Gladstone, who, "poor thing, had only some superficial knowledge derived from books" should surely have warned Mrs. Battiscombe against quoting him as an "unimpeachable authority." There is so much of value in her book that in the

absence of convincing proof the evidence against the story might well have persuaded her not to rescue it from oblivion.

WINIFRED TAFFS

*Mrs. Gladstone. The Portrait of a Marriage.* By Georgina Battiscombe. Constable. 21s.

### LORD CHATHAM IN DECLINE

Since the Second World War a great mass of private correspondence in manuscript collections has become available to students of British politics in the period of the American Revolution. Mr. Brooke, making full use of this material, has written a first-class account of the critical two years during which Chatham was nominally head of the Ministry. A pupil, and more recently a collaborator, of Sir Lewis Namier, he has applied the 'Namier technique' with outstanding success. The interplay of personalities and the rivalries of party groups are traced with shrewdness and penetration. The main theme of domestic politics from 1760 to 1770 was "the search for a stable administration which would command the confidence of both Crown and Parliament." These two years were a turning point in that Chatham's administration, although one of almost unexampled weakness, was gradually remodelled and transformed into the Government which survived under North for twelve years through the stresses of the American crisis; but this was not apparent in 1766 or 1767. It was hoped that Chatham's entry into power would immediately solve the problem of finding a stable Government. But his mental breakdown shattered these expectations. A Cabinet assembled to be the instrument of his genius collapsed in his absence in a heap of discordant fragments: "Composed for the most part of men either unfitted to exercise political authority or who, in their excessive adulation of Chatham, had subordinated their wills to his, it was at sixes and sevens without his direction and each man tended to take the part his nature determined him . . . Townshend, a political adventurer delighting in chaos and confusion, drove the Cabinet along a path they never intended to take, since he was the only man prepared to offer an alternative policy to that of Chatham." Confused over policy, the Government was incompetent in its management of Parliament and was defeated on the critical issue of the land tax through sheer neglect on its part to rally a majority. Ineptitude hardly less gross was also to be found on the Opposition side. Grenville, whose return to power was vetoed by the King for personal reasons, held firmly to the policy of taxing the colonies and of asserting imperial authority. Granted the preconceptions of his day, of all the politicians his attitude was the most logical; but it took no account of the realities of power. Rockingham's mind was dominated by personal considerations: dislike of Grenville, his rival for the Treasury; suspicion of Bute, whose supposed machinations could be paraded to puff the achievements of the Rockingham Ministry and also to account for its overthrow; hostility to Chatham, who had ousted him, and who, he thought (wrongly), was becoming Bute's tool. Between Grenville and Rockingham manoeuvred the Duke of Bedford's party, on the whole favouring Grenville's American policy, but unwilling to make his return to power a *sine qua non*, and less intransigent than Rockingham about demands for places. During the intrigues and negotiations for power of these two years, considerations of policy were almost entirely ignored. Of the leading politicians in and out of office not one, except Shelburne (who failed to do anything about it), saw the dangerous significance of Townshend's rash pledge to find a colonial revenue to help bear the cost of defence in America. And Rockingham, by his exorbitant demands, blocked the way to his own return to office and let in the Bedfords: "None of the politicians in 1767 were thinking of America; while those who prided themselves on their friendship for the colonies did not realise that their faction fights would place 'Stamp Men' firmly in power." Mr. Brooke's book is not only a valuable historical study. It is a case history, illustrating the capacity of politicians in the heat of their battles to be blind to essentials, and it should be of lasting interest to all who are in any way concerned with parliamentary government.

IAN R. CHRISTIE

*The Chatham Administration, 1766-1768.* By John Brooke. Macmillan. 36s.

## DIPLOMATIC MEMORIES

It is not unusual for diplomats when they retire to offer the world some diverting reminiscences: it is less usual for them to offer reflections on foreign affairs. Lord Strang went to Munich with Neville Chamberlain; going at a time when the F.O. was fully alive to Hitler's portentous urges. We must not expect Lord Strang to tell us that those, like Sir Anthony Eden, who were against him going wanted us to engage in a war for which we were both unprepared and unsupported by the great Dominions on behalf of a ramshackle republic to which we had no obligations and which we could not prevent being overrun in a fortnight—and all this in order to prevent three millions having the right of self-determination. But what Lord Strang does make clear is that Chamberlain had behind him the will and acclamation of the world, and that this was only one episode in a series of thought-out problems, and that it was the responsibility of many groups of men over a long time. London and Paris had already lost that command of the situation which they have not yet regained. The settlements of the Czechoslovak question in 1945 or in 1948 were not triumphs either. So also Lord Strang would not nor could not speak with disrespect of the Winston Churchill who confided in and entertained him. But he does draw a distinction between the "broad impressionist sketch" in volume one of *The Second World War* and the actual landscape traversed from day to day and depicted reliably in the well-weighed pages of *Nine Troubled Years*. In Moscow the 1939 negotiations broke down, not because Lord Strang was at work under a capable Ambassador, but because Poland would not allow Russian troops through her territory. Now we know why. So do the Hungarians. "Germany," says Lord Strang tersely, "had more to offer."

A chapter deals with the carving of Germany into zones. These zones were not arranged as many thought because the western Powers wanted to stop advances in Russia before she reached the Channel but because, with a naïveté which contrasts sharply with Chamberlain's wary attitude towards Hitler, the Eden-Roosevelt-Churchill combination agreed to trust Moscow to keep agreements and they divided Germany into what they believed would be equal portions. No arrangements were made about Austria till Tolbukhin had reached Vienna, and then a tough diplomatic tussle got what mattered. Meanwhile Winston Churchill had bargained away the other Danubian areas in return for Greece. It is the one instance where his trust in Stalin exceeded that of Roosevelt in Stalin, or his own in Roosevelt. As for the occupation of Germany Lord Strang shows that this time it proved successful, laying the foundations for the much sounder Germany of today. But he recognises that Germany remains a problem. How indeed can this be solved unless Germany's capacity for work and thoroughness are recognised as giving her leadership among her neighbours?

The later pages pass to a man over whom there is little controversy—Ernest Bevin. Few things in the history of the F.O. are more striking than the way this Labour Leader with his dropped 'h,' proved in a few days that he had more command of foreign affairs than his brilliant predecessor had gained from family, education and experience. Bevin not only understood situations and how to manage men, but he had a policy for the years. Let us recall it now; I: to work with the Commonwealth, the U.S.A. and Western Europe by constructive agreements; II: to maintain partnership with the new nations in Asia; III: to secure agreements in the Middle East centred on an understanding made on equal terms with Egypt; IV: to keep diplomacy at work in patient negotiation and peaceful accord. The trenchant definiteness of Neville Chamberlain and the broad insight of Bevin are very different, but if either had been in charge of affairs in 1936, or in 1956, the fusses would have been avoided. Lord Strang found the Middle East engrossing in 1949 even in the light of what has happened since. And there is a most interesting talk with Pandit Nehru who, though he had found much to interest him in Communism, knew it could hardly fit a world so changed since the time of Marx,

any more than Stalinism could suit countries far removed from Moscow.

There are points where even a retired diplomat might have been less reticent: Lord Halifax brooked no interference from outside the F.O. when he was Foreign Secretary. France did not really fight between 1939 and 1945, and she has been at war ever since. Britain was bankrupt in 1945 having created a bigger enemy. Russia's weight and tyranny were a menace ten years before she reached Thuringia. In 1936 we made a treaty with Egypt never to have more than 10,000 men on the Canal; from 1945 to 1954 we had 80,000. No book has shown like this what the highest men in the F.O. have to do and what its junior officials. It is not a masterpiece of style for the reason that it is a masterpiece of discretion. The more one knows it the better one likes it. It ranges far over these crucial times of ours and it is a book to read between the lines.

ROBERT SENCOURT

*Home and Abroad.* By Lord Strang. André Deutsch. 21s.

### FOOD IN WARTIME

The second volume on food, in the official History of the Second World War, United Kingdom Civil Series, is the first of two volumes on detailed *Studies in Administration and Control* by R. J. Hammond. In this particular volume, three main subjects are discussed: first, he studies separately the control of fish, milk, eggs and potatoes, being commodities which were wholly or mainly home produced and not susceptible to strict control by way of Ministry of Food ownership; secondly, he deals with the plans and organisation for emergency feeding arrangements, and the emergence of communal feeding, associated more particularly with "British Restaurants"; thirdly, nearly half the book is devoted to a detailed account and critical analysis of the food rationing system, with its highly complex mechanical problems, differing according to particular commodities, trade practices and preferences and public needs. The comparative success of British rationing is fully recognised, although rightly Mr. Hammond would regard it as "a cardinal error" to base any future scheme on the old forms and practice without regard to new conditions and requirements. For example, in an atomic war, the old system would fail in speed of introduction. Apart from its own intrinsic merit as an historical study, no doubt this volume will be found of importance in the consideration of any new scheme.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

*Food: Vol.II.* By R. J. Hammond. H.M. Stationery Office. 50s.

### THE INDIAN SCENE

This is a close-up of the contemporary Indian scene, but a close-up of a very unusual kind. As an undergraduate of Christ Church, Oxford, Sardar Panikkar took a brilliant degree in history during the 1914-1918 war. Since then he has had an extremely distinguished career in Indian politics and diplomacy. An enthusiastic Indian patriot but deeply and sympathetically acquainted with the West, he is fitted as very few men are to mediate between and interpret Britain and India. The book is a collection of addresses, mostly on academic occasions, for the educated youth of India. Out of full knowledge of East and West Sardar Panikkar speaks to them with sympathy and courage. Drawing a curtain aside he reveals the difficulties and the temptations that beset India in the new era of independence, some of them as old as India herself, others the fruit of foreign rule. The measure of unity imposed by the British Raj having ended in 1947, long-suppressed influences and tendencies rose to the surface and made themselves felt in a variety of spheres, local, economic, social and political. He stresses throughout the unity of India. But this unity, he holds, must be a new creation, a synthesis of the authentic East with elements freely chosen from the West, for example technology, though he affirms the necessity of humanistic studies in technical institutions. For a country which circumstances, in a measure, have driven in upon itself, upon its oldest memories,

its habits, its divisions, its prejudices, even its weaknesses, he is an exacting reformer. His prophetic severity is based, however, on the conviction that India has extraordinary powers of assimilation. A faith of this sort might be a mere patriot's illusion, but a proof of it stares him and us in the face. In a few generations India adjusted herself with comparative ease and patience to the British occupation and the ways of the British themselves. The present revolution is very far from complete, and must be slow, partly, as he says, because Hindu society has been on the defensive for over 750 years, and has been driven in on itself.

We are today engaged in a great effort to reshape our life and remould the social and economic patterns of our country in such a way as to create a different and, we all hope, a better world for those who come after us. But side by side with this I also saw, not with any surprise, as indeed I expected to see it, the crystallization of reaction, the claims of caste raising their ugly head, shrill cries about the sanctity of animal life, attempts to glorify the past and belittle the present, emphasis on historical greatness of parts as against the whole, a desire in some cases to look back rather than forward. Instead of a desire to see an integrated Indian community pressing forward to greater prosperity and better civilization, we see, in many parts of India, a vague yearning for the glories of an undefined past. In fact, the weight of history seems to lie heavily on us.

Sardar Panikkar's scrutiny of Indian education brings out serious deficiencies. The higher grades of teaching suffer from meagre rewards and poor social status. The prestige of officialdom is "a blasting factor in our national life." "The bureaucratic tradition of the British Indian administration gave an artificial and altogether undeserved glamour to executive services under the Government." No doubt this is true, but the tradition was in keeping with the characteristic Indian feeling about politics. He himself shows that the Indian bias in government was towards administration. The educational sphere at all its levels is ill-supplied with money, and therefore with the *personnel* and the *matériel* for which money is indispensable. High schools almost everywhere use the regional languages, and where the language is backward, education through it must also be backward. For this reason, among many, educational standards vary dangerously. Eighty per cent of the Indian electorate being illiterate, the improvement of education is a crucial necessity in every personal and communal interest. And what of the "citizen" who is half the book's title? The answer is given in the broad picture of India. The wide sweep of a comprehensive revolution claims the adhesion and the devotion of the individual. India is being reorganized and rededicated. The entire movement is inspired in good part by the liberal ideas of the West, and it is working out on a vast scale in a people, a congeries of peoples of ancient, rooted culture. The well-disposed citizen will find his account, by self-dedication, in the new India.

JOHN MURRAY

*The State and the Individual.* By K. M. Panikkar. Asia Publishing House, Bombay.

### TRAVEL AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

When Mr. Novomeysky sat down to write the story of his life he was not in want of material. Born in remote Siberia, the grandson of political exiles of the Tsarist regime, he became a mining engineer after studying in various countries and ultimately in Palestine exploited the chemical resources of the Dead Sea. It is doubtful whether for the ordinary Russian life was more unpleasant under the Tsars or is more disagreeable today. Our author paints a lurid picture, not without touches of grim humour. Under the Tsars, when one could be sentenced "administratively" (that is to say without trial) to four years' exile, the detectives behaved so foolishly that it was easy to recognise them. Pretending to be drunk was a familiar gambit. If one engaged murderers and such like to work in a mine, as one often had to, one had no anxiety about petty pilfering, as the murderers considered this below their dignity. And when the author, in consequence of his political activities, was imprisoned in the dreaded Fortress of Peter and Paul on the banks of the Neva he was treated most courteously, as the terrorist organisation to which he belonged was

regarded by the Government as the aristocracy of the revolutionary movement. We are given vivid pictures of Breshkovskaia, the world-famous "Grandmother of the Revolution," of Rasputin, who behaved with the familiarity that simple Russians expect of a man of God, addressing the Tsar and Tsarina as Dad and Mum—the Tsar, according to Witte the Premier, not tolerating about his person anybody he considered more intelligent than himself. The author of this fascinating book would assuredly not have been *persona grata* to the Tsar if that weak ruler had encountered him.

Yet the Russian peasants used to call their Tsar "Little Father"; and the authors of our next two books shed a good deal of limelight on their respective fathers. Countess Wydenbruck's parent, when, being the Austrian Minister in Denmark he took her back to Vienna, owing to the strained relations between himself and his wife, he got out on the other side of the train. "Do you know," said the author's mother, "why the air in the country is so good? It is because the peasants never open their windows." We are taken through two contrasting epochs in Austrian history, but even when after the first world war the food situation was at such a low ebb that breakfast consisted of tea made of strawberry leaves, while a mess of mashed potatoes and carrots, fried in rancid fat, figured as *Wiener Schnitzel*, there was always the compensation of wonderful music, with Richard Strauss directing his own operas.

A plate of soup and some bread had to satisfy the pangs of hunger when Sir Arnold Lunn lunched with Lord Gort, the Governor of Malta, in 1940. His father, more domesticated than Count Wydenbruck, came into prominence and, but for the kind assistance of Mr. Asquith would have ended in disaster as a travel impresario when a cruise to China was rescued by the Prime Minister's intervention. This is one of the numerous good stories in Sir Arnold's book. One must suffice on this occasion—an elderly man saw that a youth was about to hurl himself over a precipice. "Stop!" he cried, "you may have been crossed in love, but there are lots of lovely girls in the world to console you. You may have lost your money, but you are young enough to make a fortune. Let us talk things over." So they did and as a result they both threw themselves over the precipice.

Comparable with Lord Gort's austere lunch in Malta was one offered to Lorenz Hagenbeck and his father by Mr. Bailey, the survivor of Barnum and Bailey, for this millionaire was satisfied with a glass of milk and a slice of apple cake. One learns a good deal of useful knowledge in the treatment of animals, for there seems to be nothing in that line unknown to the famous Hagenbeck family. For instance if you have a constipated elephant you should belabour it with split bamboo sticks. This delightful book, full of animal stories, ends with some pages of letters from children, one of whom wrote that "God created Water and Dry Land. He also made Grass and Trees, then the Lights in the Heavens too. Finally He created the Animals and after that He made Mr. Hagenbeck because He had to have somebody to look after them."

HENRY BAERLEIN

*My Siberian Life.* By M. A. Novomeysky. Max Parrish. 25s.

*My Two Worlds.* By Nora Wydenbruck. Longmans. 21s.

*Memory to Memory.* By Arnold Lunn. Hollis and Carter. 21s.

*Animals are my Life.* By Lorenz Hagenbeck. The Bodley Head. 25s.

### SCHOOLS OF PHILOSOPHY

This can hardly be regarded as an attractive book though many readers may find it useful. It summarises in less than 300 pages all the main schools of philosophy throughout the western world as well as the individual contributions of all the principal philosophers. Summaries so bald and concentrated tend to deprive their subject matter of all life while giving the author himself very little scope for personal interpretation. Certain aspects of the book, however, seem to me to be of interest. British philosophy has become restricted in recent decades to what is called logical analysis and is described by Mr. Bochenski as neo-positivism. Nine pages are all



that he allocates to this British school, a single page being given to Wittgenstein, its outstanding personality. Mr. Bochenski's judgement of the logical analysts is striking. To him they show a return to a position which the intellectual life of Europe has long since superseded so that they constitute the reactionary philosophy of our day. "Their one-sidedness is stupendous," leaving as they do what to Mr. Bochenski are all the more significant problems of philosophy outside their scope. Thus they have no answer, and indeed do not attempt to give an answer, to any of the great human problems of our time, declaring, in the face of suffering, morality and religion, that these do not offer problems for philosophy, or that it would be nonsense to pose such problems. In his view contemporary philosophy as a whole has rendered obsolete, not only the conclusions of the neo-positivists but the way they formulate their problems. I have a suspicion that not only is there much shrewdness in Mr. Bochenski's opinion on this issue but that he is largely right. I find the provinciality of British philosophy "stupendous." Few of the schools with which Mr. Bochenski is concerned, the dialectical materialists, the phenomenologists, the idealists, the neo-Kantians, the organicists and pragmatists, the existentialists, the neo-Thomists and other philosophers of being, come within the purview of British philosophers or have any attention given to their interpretations.

Mr. Bochenski claims that by far the most influential figures in modern European philosophy have been Bergson and Husserl. He ranks Bergson's stature as high, not only as logician and metaphysician but as ethical teacher and interpreter of religion. He praises the great richness of the thought of William James and recognizes the immense influence in America of Dewey while attributing it in part to the fact that America has put all its stock in technical achievement and has not yet undergone the bitter experience of scientific "progress" known to Europe. Husserl has often been mistaken for an existentialist though he is in fact a philosopher of essence; yet there is no disputing his great influence on the existentialists, on Heidegger, Jaspers and Sartre in particular, as well as on the main trends of European thought. Mr. Bochenski treats the existentialists with great respect, one of the most satisfactory sections of the book being the account of M. Sartre. He remarks that existentialism marks a return to the burning and significant questions of human destiny, but adds that in its basic concern with the problems of alienation and anguish, it tends to be primarily a kind of therapeutic device. His highest praise is, however, given to Whitehead, whose philosophy he groups, strangely enough, with Thomism as a philosophy of being. Whitehead and the Thomists share, at all events, a concern to place empirical and physico-mathematical science into a wider framework, and an interest in being in all its forms, including spiritual being and man's experience of value and of God.

It is not insignificant that Mr. Bochenski concludes with a section on international philosophical congresses. The time has come when philosophers should escape from provinciality of outlook, when, if they are unable to concern themselves with the whole of life and experience, they should at all events take all philosophy within their province. His book should be valuable to British readers, less perhaps because of its intrinsic merits, than because it shows that few philosophers outside these islands are willing to accept the limited role British philosophers have chosen for themselves, that of a kind of high grade technician and lexicographer.

J. B. COATES

*Contemporary Philosophy.* By I. M. Bochenski. University of California Press and Cambridge University Press. 37s. 6d.

### BELIEF AND REASON

Of the five essays in the first book, which can be commended as an objective statement of the history, beliefs, aims and organisation of Humanism, the outstanding one is the third by Professor J. B. Coates in which he deals with the Humanist's conception of how man is to be made, and his crucial and timely point

is the necessity for the integration of man with his society. There he puts his finger on a very real need.

It has to be said, however, that the rest of the book prompts the reflection "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" One can share fully in the aims of Humanism, and there is large room for the co-operation of Christians and Humanists such as the book desiderates, but in the general line of its argument it is curiously reminiscent of H. G. Wells and the Humanists who preceded him. There is the same bland and enthusiastic belief in negations—"there is no evidence that consciousness survives the body"—and the same assertion of positives that come near to being folly—"the physical universe could only have a purpose if it were aware of itself." The typewriter that has just written those words did not know that it was typing them but that was the purpose of the typewriter. Nor does this book at any point ask what are the criteria of rational judgment. Baron von Thyssen wrote of his dealings with the Nazis "*Wie Dummelkopf war Ich*" and the ejaculation illustrates the fact that what looks like rational judgement before the event may seem very different after it and the difference between the two may be due not only to fuller knowledge but to a change in standards. The Humanists must be given full marks for their intentions as outlined in this book, but the point of view indicated here is that of the self-sufficient would-be philosopher.

*Society and Knowledge* is a study in epistemology and, like all that Professor Childe writes, it is eminently readable. How do we come to know? The question is important for he is sure that practice is the function of knowledge and he gives us his own account of how we do in fact come to know, mapping the course with unmistakable clarity. The objective fact gives rise to sensations which are perceived by the mind and through perception are transformed into ideas which take unto themselves symbols, these symbolic ideas are then woven one with another into a pattern and the complicated patterns are made available for knowledge by means of sketchy outlines of themselves which an older generation knew as the categories. At every stage of the process the pressure of society and the need for action are in full operation, and the end of it is socially useful knowledge. That general line of thought owes something at least, one suspects, to Logical Positivism, but, in the last pages of his book the author's declared faith in a universe which is endlessly creative seems to hint at an awareness of factors which have no place in his main discussion.

Professor Toynbee's book has other counsel to offer. The stone which the first two books reject is for him the chief of the corner. How he comes by that conclusion can be reported as follows. After tracing the place and fortunes of religion in the less developed forms of the worship of nature, he goes on to discuss what he calls the idolisation of local and national communities and then the idolisation of the potentially and virtually world-wide imperial community. This latter community often culminates in the worship of the self-sufficient philosopher. The breakdown of the latter, or of the imperialistic stage which preceded it, by its failure provides the occasion for a radical reorientation of thought and in the spiritual vacuum provided by their failure the great religions are born. In place of the worship of man and his creations we have the worship of something that is not man and is 'outside' and 'beyond' him. The Renaissance fanned into life a movement which, in revulsion from the religious wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, turned its eyes from speculating about God to the investigation of nature and that has led to our modern technological situation. Today science has shown itself to be ambivalent and to be as full of death and destruction as with hope and prosperity. Hence Professor Toynbee believes that the coming generation will be forced to reconsider its attitude to spiritual reality, to religion. Such religion must show itself adequate to deal with the twin problems of suffering and sin and it ought to be specially careful not to repeat the mistake of the scientific movement of four centuries ago and reject the other side of reality. In other words, the author declares that a new sense of the importance of the spiritual must include the insights of science.

To that Professor Toynbee would add the necessity for complete religious toleration. It is an extremely timely book, ably argued as we should expect, and it will not be approved of by the diehards of either science or religion, but one has a sense that the author has blazed the trail for much of our future thinking. B. C. FLOWRIGHT

*Reason in Action.* By Hector Hawton, Archibald Robertson, J. B. Coates, Donald Ford, H. J. Blackham. Watts. 8s. 6d.

*Society and Knowledge.* By V. G. Childe. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

*An Historian's Approach to Religion.* By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press. 21s.

### THE LANE BEQUEST

The first two editions of this book were published in 1932 and 1934 respectively. A third edition is timely and welcome because it is a full summary of a miserable controversy which, after forty years, is, as Dr. Bodkin says, "over-ripe for settlement." His own frank purpose is to peg out an unassailable Irish claim. However, in writing of these matters, he has a unique qualification. He was the late Sir Hugh Lane's close friend. For this reason and because the solution of this dispute depends to a great extent on a right, if belated, interpretation of Lane's wishes and intentions, Dr. Bodkin's statement of the case commands respect and deserves to be regarded as authoritative. Much of the book is biographical. Dr. Bodkin writes affectionately and with an enlightened understanding of Lane's character. The early and considerable success which he enjoyed as an art dealer enabled him to make a quick fortune. Thereafter, during the remainder of his short life, he lavished his money on many cultural enterprises of which none occupied him more than his wish to establish a gallery of modern art in Dublin. He gave the project initial momentum by offering, as a nucleus, thirty-nine of his own pictures on condition that Dublin would provide a site and a suitable building for housing contemporary works of art. The Dubliners gave this undertaking, but indecision and disagreement clogged the scheme and brought it to a standstill.

Lane's conditional gift was a glittering collection. All of them are illustrated in Dr. Bodkin's book in melancholy sepia gravure and, though poor as reproductions, they indicate the handsomeness of an offer which included such masterpieces as *Le Duc d'Orléans* by Ingres and *Les Parapluies* by Renoir. While Dublin was vacillating, Lane was persuaded in 1913 to lend his pictures to the London National Gallery. This arrangement gave him so much satisfaction that he drew up a new will and left the pictures to London. Then, the gallery authorities, unaware of his bequest, informed him with unpardonable churlishness that they had chosen fifteen of his pictures which they would consent to display if he would promise to give or leave them to England. Lane replied sharply that he had never dreamt of submitting his pictures for selection and that the question of disposal "if asked at all, should have been asked when the offer [of the loan] was accepted." In 1915, he was drowned in the *Lusitania*. Soon after, a codicil to his will was found which revealed that, after all, he had decided to leave his pictures to Dublin. Regrettably, the document was unwitnessed.

In law, then, there is no doubt that the pictures belong to England. Equally, there is no doubt about Lane's final intention. Dr. Bodkin recalls that the 1925 Committee of Inquiry appointed by the British Government found that Lane "in signing the codicil . . . thought that he was making a legal disposition." This admission was not a prologue to any concessions. On the contrary, the main stumbling block to a settlement of the dispute appears to have been a complete absence of generosity in the official British attitude. In an additional chapter, written for the present edition, Dr. Bodkin says that "a great and growing number of the British seem to be uneasy about the morality of their Government's action in refusing to make any move to return them [the Lane pictures] to Ireland." One can only hope that the third edition of this book will succeed in making that growing number greater.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

*Hugh Lane and his Pictures.* By Thomas Bodkin. The Arts Council, Dublin. 15s.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

One of the many compensations of adulthood is the ability to savour Christmas presents. Not for us the pell mell pouncings, devourings, and abandonment of bones; not ours the breakable toys and the fallen idols.

## Gramophone speech

Six records, albeit inadvertent offerings and only coincidental with the festive season, have spaced themselves since into twelve little zones of content, of reverie for leisure moments, of pleasure in the spoken word and the flexibility of its human instrument, of reminder of enduring delight in the word that is written. They represent sixty sides made by the British Council from AN ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH PROSE 1400-1900 (Cambridge University Press. 12s. 6d.), edited, with preface and commentaries, a glossary, and a list of the most accessible editions, by Eirian James. In her selections from Malory to Butler the plan was to achieve "an idea, an episode, a description" each complete, and "as many genres and types of writing as possible." And the double task of introducing Eng. Lit. to the ears and eyes of foreigners and natives of this our land is worthy of double success. A world which owes much to the efforts, never humdrum and sometimes spectacular, of a British Council continually in peril of the axe, should indeed be "tillated," as the compiler hopes, to explore the books from which the passages are taken. Of scarcely less importance is the opportunity of hearing the mother tongue enriched by purity of diction and sense and sensibility in the delivery. If the *Decline and Fall* extract has a distant echo of parody, Gibbon's grand manner—for the Christian mechanics easily answering questions that had perplexed the wisest Grecians—invites the lofty tone; conversely, in face of avowed purpose, expectation of the Bedford tinker's accent in the *Pilgrim's Progress* reading would be irrational. Were it not that all the recorders are Cambridge

dons, we should have assumed that Mr. Emyln Williams was standing at ease with the faint question mark as ever in his beautiful voice and the copy of *The Mill on the Floss* on the desk before him. Then the 'I' and Heathcliff contrasts admirably with the 'I' and M. Emanuel with no loss of the affinities between Emily and Charlotte Brontë. The Authorized Version brings new gravities to the story of man who "goeth to his long home," and Burke's *French Revolution* crackles with the tension of mounting sadness and scarcely hidden anger. Bacon, Traherne, Hazlitt, Coleridge and Thomas Hardy are the remaining authors on the six records, and the urge to acquire the other twenty-four (The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W.1., will supply them, or tape recordings) is encouraged by the rest of the anthology.

## Shoe shine

*Anthos* flower and *logia* collection: Fred Gresswell's miscellany contains "many beauties and rare specimens, some wild ones plucked from the common highway and a few weeds." All are important to him, for they were part of his self-education, and the homespun philosophy he has garnered is patent in the autobiography that is the larger part of his book BRIGHT BOOTS (Robert Hale. 18s.). Here is demonstrated once again that the outstanding personality of a mother—this time in poverty on a smallholding in a Lincolnshire village—can be responsible for the success in business and social life, in peace of mind and heart, of her son. (A gloss to her charm is that in her hundredth year still she "invariably gives flowering trees" as presents and "expects a yearly report on their progress.") The first steps of the man of property explored and exploited the virtues of honesty, hard work and thrift before he was ten and discovered that these did not take him very far; he was later to find a formula for the "indefinable plus" but meanwhile at twenty

he had not read "a worthwhile book" and his "mind was mediocre." The dealer in landed estates who made a fortune, his footwear as polished as his mother could desire, calls this "the story of an ordinary man for ordinary people" who is grateful for the high hospitality of life and love.

### The sturdy Dorset man

So too is Littleton C. Powys, whose background as one of six brothers and all writers has no similarity, in *STILL THE JOY OF IT* (Macdonald, 25s.). His previous chronicle was of memories of his first sixty years, with childhood and his remarkable family at Montacute, with schoolmastering and natural history, and with Mabel his wife, a gracious, capable, courageous partner and friend who died in 1942. Fortunate in matrimony, he was then privileged to spend three and a half years married to Elizabeth Myers, whose inner fire lit up her few novels and scatter of stories, one of the best of which found its way into *The Fortnightly's* pages. All of us who reviewed her work stayed to praise; where some exasperation accompanied the profoundest admiration, it was as if we knew that her time for ripening that great gift of words was short. Some of her writing had a tubercular flush and she had crudities for purging; but something too of its authentic radiance may be judged by her correspondence with her future husband. This was omitted from *The Letters of Elizabeth Myers*, published in 1951, "for personal reasons." These surely are still valid, for the inclusion of the love letters now in this final part of her husband's autobiography gives the reader a sense of intrusion in a secret place. And one turns with something of relief, ominous though the portents were, to the account of their brief sojourn in Arizona in search of health for Elizabeth and, incidentally, for plants, especially cacti, new to Littleton's experience. The perfect lovers are no longer disparate in age, for he died a few months ago, serene and full of thanks. "Rejoice, rejoice" was always his motto, as Louis

MacNeice's tribute attests . . .

Memory flicks

The pages over, this was my first master  
Who taught me the names of butterflies and  
the tricks  
Of Latin elegies.

### The study of mankind

Less appreciative was the poet Horace of his schoolmaster, who caned the boy for failing in "the tricks of Latin." The incident and the *Satires* in which it is embedded are recalled by a long browse in *ALEXANDER POPE'S COLLECTED POEMS* (Everyman Library: J. M. Dent, 6s.), where his imitations of Horace, to Mr. Murray, Lord Bolingbroke and the rest, are to be found. To the re-appraisals of Pope (among the most recent is Aubrey L. Williams' examination, published by Methuen, of the meaning of "The Dunciad" which was reviewed in these literary supplement pages in September, 1956) Bonamy Dobrée has now contributed a most percipient essay refuting "the impatient prejudice that arose in the nineteenth century" as his Introduction to the poems: to the "rollicking tomfoolery" of "The Dunciad" itself; to the necessity of catching the meaning by listening to the music as we read; to the realisation that "Pope, with his ability to pierce through the fundamentals, coupled with his delicate appreciation of word sense, remains the poet to whom belongs the greatest number of well-known quotations in the language"—no feat for despatch (even if "after Shakespeare" had been inserted, for in *Everyman's Dictionary of Quotations* he out-pages Pope by sixty-six). He who came to be scornful, in Cato's mouth, of "Rome learning arts from Greece" devoted years to translation which brought him Bentley's: "A fine poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer."

### An odyssey

When wise Ulysses, from his native coast  
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests  
Arrived at last . . . (toss'd,

We too return, with Lord Kinross and

his clever colour photographer Dimitri, in *PORTRAIT OF GREECE* (Max Parrish, 35s.), and are glad to be in their company, from the frontispiece illustration of the Parthenon columns to the "Shrines of Byzantium" concluding chapter. The caption of the picture reads "—still, after two thousand years, the noblest work of art created by the hand of man," a verdict with which we can think of no cause to quarrel. And the line under the Delphi temple of Apollo photograph, taken from the top of the auditorium, is perfect: "built as it were on the brink of the world." Not the least part of the awesomeness, the mystery, the hushing to silence of the place, is this great view, going on and on as it seems for ever. But, lest we tremble and blench, Lord Kinross in the text tells of Alexander, anxious about the campaign, arriving "on an off-day, when no oracular responses could be obtained." Or, as we painfully meditate on the possible death-places of King Agamemnon, at the table or in the bath, the author adds "—in any event finished off by Clytemnestra, with the axe which was the emblem . . . of Mycenaean sovereignty." As with the man who wanted to be a philosopher, cheerfulness is always breaking in, yet he is never facetious. Now and again he is in fact overcome with solemnity, remembering he must instruct as well as charm—and why not with such a land, a people, a story, a heritage? But the terseness that informs his approximate time-chart of Greek history, showing the main periods and influences and some of the events, never deserts his literary style. All in all, his journey from Crete to Mount Athos, and supervised keenly by his friend's camera, makes a better book than the blurb would suggest. This aims a dart: "Theirs was no high-pressure tour of a few show-places" which falls harmless when it continues: "they drank retsina in harbourside cafés with Greek fishermen." But all tourists, high-pressure or low, do this on the islands—and for courtesy's sweet sake taste decayed wood for the rest of the day.

### Quartier Latin

George du Maurier has a drawing of Taffy, the Laird and Little Billee, after a more palatable drink and a dinner of onions and beef, making "jolly talk into the small hours" on the glory that was Greece, on Byron, Balzac, Dumas, Edgar Allan Poe, and painters galore. This and all his other illustrations adorn the new edition of *TRILBY* (Everyman: J. M. Dent. 6s.) with the Preface by his son Gerald. First read in a battered, loose-leaved copy in early adolescence, the novel still symbolizes, much more vividly than night-clubs, dance-band tinklings, and damsels sleek or *gamine* can, the lure of Left Bank and Latin Quarter. On early visits to Paris, one looked instinctively for Trilby O'Ferrall's tall form, and the evil, beckoning beard of Svengali, with poor little Gecko in tow playing his violin and begging their pardon whenever his accompanists struck wrong notes, and ever since one has kept away from films that purport to portray them, for fear of disillusion. Their joys were as urgent as their sorrows, the food had delectable odours and flavours and hypnotic power and the sounds issuing from that "roof of her mouth" were credibly conveyed. Then there is just enough French in the book to challenge and flatter the youthful reader—and, we might add, the older reader too. Sir Gerald du Maurier's picture of his many-sided father, writing only the "utter truth" about his own life in his three novels, sketching prodigiously, able to work in either medium in crowded and noisy rooms, supplements and corroborates all we might have guessed. Youth and age, tired of the modern novel, indifferent to or unaware of it, are warmly recommended to try this one. It is escapism of the very best kind, not into a world necessarily better or worse than our own, but to that far twilight place where aeroplanes were not and sanitation was primitive, where talk flowed like wine and was sometimes vinegary, where art was extremely bad or extravagantly good, and life was real and raw.

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